

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

23rd Year. No. 38.

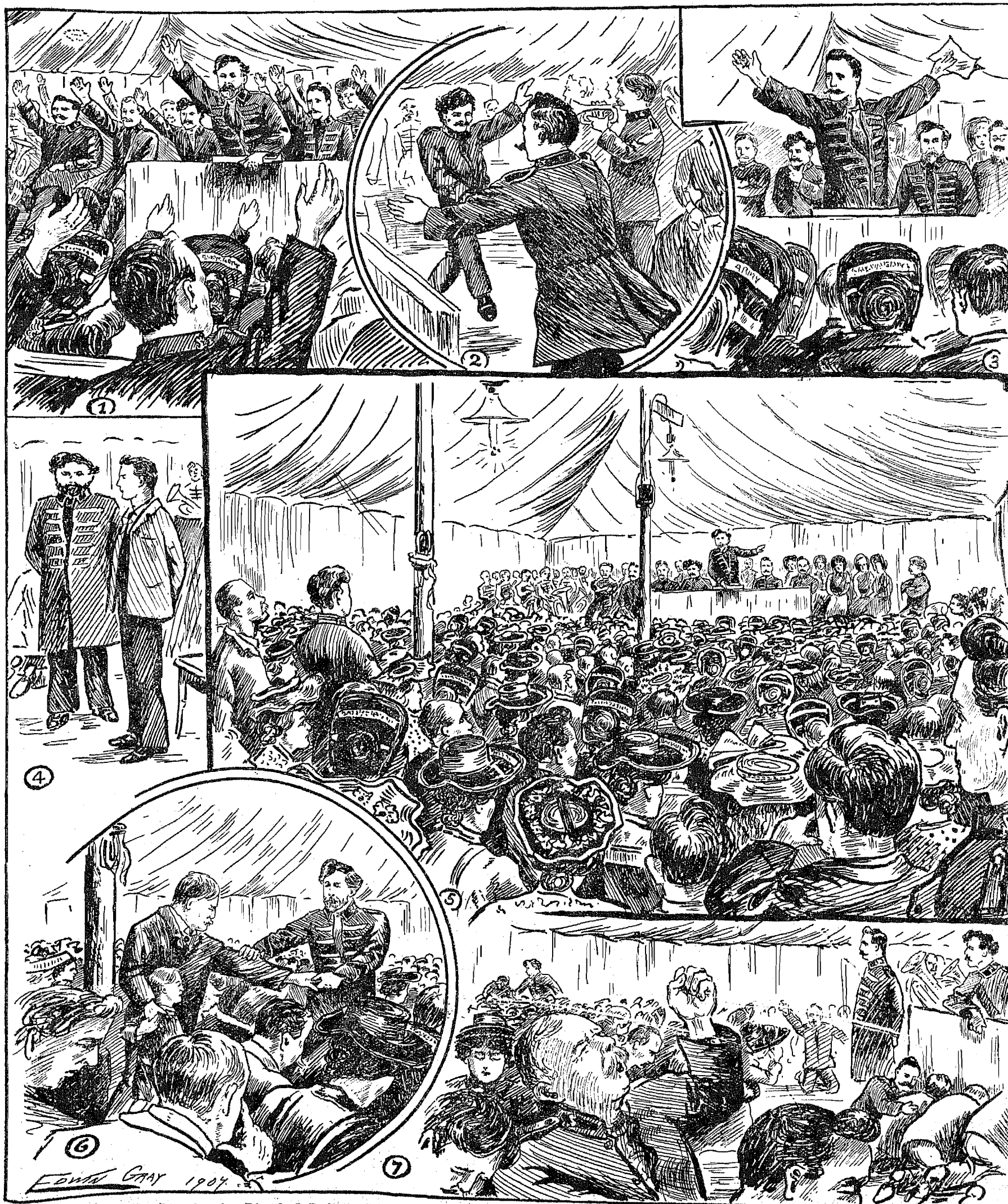
WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

One Penny.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER CANVAS.



1. "There's Cleansing in the Blood, I Believe!" 2. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire Likes a Prayer Meeting. 3. The Chief Secretary is Glad He is on "Terra Cotta." 4. The Backslider's Return. 5. General View of the Queen and Tecumseth Tent. 6. The Commissioner Helps Forward a Drunkard and His Little Son. 7. Shouting Jimmie Lets Himself Go.

Cutlets from Our Contemporaries

VISITING A MURDERER.

Never Had Proper Opportunities.

Staff-Captain Joseph Kemp, of the Salvation Army, who is holding special meetings in this city, yesterday paid a visit to the County Jail to the cell of Frank Miner, convicted of the murder of James A. Tobey and sentenced to prison for life. The Staff-Captain talked and prayed with Miner, who appeared to be greatly impressed and almost broke down. The condemned murderer knelt in prayer.

Of this interview, Staff-Captain Kemp said to-day: "I came away from the talk with Miner, with the impression that he had been led astray in his youth, and that there have been circumstances in his life which should be taken into consideration in judging him. If he committed the murder of which he is accused, the act was, of course, horrifying and inexcusable. But I believe that he was led astray, that he had never been surrounded by spiritual influences, and that he had never had proper opportunities. These circumstances should be considered in judging him."

Previous to the talk with Miner, the Staff-Captain and Adjutant W. A. Turner conducted a general evangelistic meeting for the prisoners, many of whom appeared to be much impressed. After the meeting, the religious workers visited many of the men in their cells, and two men broke down and appeared to be repentant. —Binghamton, N.Y. Press.

THE STOLEN LINCH-PIN.

What Happened to John Chinaman.

Old "Apple John," a Chinese fruit and vegetable hawker, was a well-known character in the vicinity of Ballarat a few years ago. The boys of the State school frequently provoked him to anger with abusive language, to say nothing of an occasional shower of road metal, as he ambled along beneath the weight of a brace of enormous baskets that tested his well-seasoned bamboo and sinewy shoulders. As he became more prosperous, he appeared before his amused customers in a second-hand turnout that had seen its best days, but which, nevertheless, marked an epoch in his otherwise uneventful

life. The horse was old and limped along the macadamized road, and it must suffice to say that the cart was much older than the horse, and dissolution had been kept at bay by various rope and wire lashing round the woodwork and rusty springs. The cart did not boast modern patent axles, with the usual octagonal brass caps, and the possessor relied on out-of-date lynch-pins to

Keep the Crazy Wheels in Position.

It so happened, that one day during the school noonday recess, "Apple John" reined up at the dwelling-house adjoining the school. While trafficking with the lady of the house, a young rascal from the school yard succeeded in extracting one of the axle-pins, and wilfully threw it away. This mean act was unnoticed by the Chinaman, but accounted for a great number of boys clinging to the picket fence to witness the pace made that day by the Asiatic Jehu. For once he was treated with civility, and with a flick of his whip and a jerky motion of the reins, he urged the old horse to his utmost speed limit. Alas! for his pride. The now loosened wheel, that wobbled greatly in any case, worked toward the extreme end of the axle-arm, and finally detached itself from the cart, to the consternation of the Chinaman, who suddenly found himself submerged in his stock-in-trade, while the truant wheel, after performing some strange evolutions, finally lodged in the gutter. The nearest smithy was half a mile distant, and as

The Linch-Pin Could Not Be Found, the luckless driver was compelled to leave his cart to procure this necessary article. In the meantime the boys played havoc with the fruit, and even the vegetables disappeared.

This incident serves to illustrate the fact that the devil seldom, if ever, asks for an entire chariot wheel, but is well satisfied if he can smuggle the lynch-pins of faith and prayer, knowing full well that this will result in a wobbling corps and an inevitable smash-up. This applies also, to the individual souls, who, in an unguarded moment, allow the crafty enemy to effect this first act. A great many may be seen to-day in the wobbling stage, while others have gone further and experienced a disastrous smash, and have been spoiled of everything of spiritual worth. It may represent hard work to assist such as these into a thorough-going condition again, but

with the help of the Lord, this can be effected, and the King's highway cleared of such barriers, and the scheming devil outwitted.—The Victory.

BE PATIENT.

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet

The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow!

They are such little hands!
Be kind—things are so new, and life
but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All
around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon,
and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often
held
To sun or showers—showers soon dis-
pelled
By looking in our face;
Love asks, for such, much grace!

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by;
Give them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.
—The Deliverer.

THE TOLL-KEEPER PAID UP.

Some Interesting Incidents.

A Self-Denial collector in South Africa says:

On one occasion I found it necessary to borrow a cycle on which to visit some outlying places, and had to pass through a toll-gate. As I went by, I heard the keeper, calling out "Bicycle! Bicycle!" Coming back, I said, "Surely you do not charge for a bicycle." "Oh! yes," he said. "Then," I said, "perhaps you will pay me!" I told him my mission and asked for help, with the result that two shillings were added to my list.

At another time I entered a shop and asked the shop-keeper to help with our Appeal, telling him all about our work. He appeared to get very

angry, and told me if I wanted to preach I was to go outside and preach in the street. I said "Oh, no sir, I haven't come to preach, I was just explaining our work." "Then I won't help you!" I thanked him and put my books in my pocket, but began talking about other matters until he was interested and drawn out, when I again referred to the object of my mission, with the result that he paid up.

After one good lady had given half a sovereign, we prayed together. When we arose from our knees she asked for it to be returned, giving me in its place a guinea, saying she would deny herself of her birthday party, which would take place this month. I feel assured she will have a far happier birthday for the sacrifice she has made.—South African Cry.

A SONGSTER LEADER

And What He Should Do.

The Leader of a Brigade is, of course, mainly responsible for a Brigade's efficiency, and he should work and act accordingly. His duty should by no means be confined to the practices and the open-air and indoor meetings. He should do much in the way of study and preparation at home (as many of our most talented Bandmasters have been accustomed to do from the beginning). No new piece ought to be submitted to a Songster Brigade for practice until the Leader has dissected its character, mastered its qualities, and assured himself of its suitability for the voices he has to direct.

The capabilities of many Songster Brigades are limited; consequently, these Brigades should never attempt to sing above their heads, so to speak; nor will they do so if the Leader is cautious, wise, and judicious. His decision with regard to this, that, and every other selection should be arrived at before he enters the practice-room, and so, too, should his method of procedure.—Bandsman and Songster.

There is no limit to fashionable folly! London's smallest dog is pronounced "worth" \$500, or \$13.50 per ounce. It was exhibited in a velvet case, with a glass front, in the West End.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic: Pray for success and blessing to attend the Tent Campaign in Toronto, and all open-air work.

Sunday, June 23.—Rejecting the Lord.—1 Sam. viii. 1-20.

Monday, June 24.—Lost Asses.—1 Sam. ix. 1-24.

Tuesday, June 25.—Lord's Anointed.—1 Sam. ix. 25-27; x 1-9.

Wednesday, June 26.—God Save the King.—1 Sam. x. 17-26; xii. 1-5.

Thursday, June 27.—Obey God.—1 Sam. xii. 6-25.

Friday, June 28.—Slip Downwards.—1 Sam. xiii. 1-14.

Saturday, June 29.—Captain and Lieutenant.—1 Sam. xiv. 1-23.

FAITH THOUGHTS.

Selected by Mrs. Blanche Johnston, P. L. Secretary.

"My dear child," said a preacher to a charming child of four years, "how did God make the world?"

"He said 'make,' and it made," was the answer.

"But," said the preacher, "of what did He make it?"

"He made it of speak," was the ready reply; "just speak."

They slumber sweetly whom faith rocks to sleep. No pillow so soft as a promise; no coverlet so warm as an assured interest in Christ.—Spurgeon.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

"Give others the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest."

A LESSON IN TRUSTFULNESS.

In a poor but thrifty peasant's home sat a young mother plying her needle in the autumn twilight for the wee Willie, whose ringing laughter from the little garden told its own sweet tale. The husband sat near his wife, in that weary listlessness which is made such a luxury by a hard day's toil.

"How shall we ever get on when winter comes, George? 'Tis hard enough in summer; what will it be then?"

The question awoke something in that man's slumbering soul that sent a quiet glow over every look and tone. "Mary, lass, what art thou making?"

"A warm winter coat for Willie." "I guessed as much. Does the young rogue know about it?"

"Not he, dear lamb."

"Won't you tell him to hinder his worrying about winter?"

"He worry! Why, hearken to him,

George! He's as happy as the day is long! and even if he had the sense to think about winter, he'd trust mother to keep him warm."

"Aye, lass, and I vow the boy is wiser than his mother."

Mary's eyes filled as she caught her husband's upward look, and the cloud of distrust was rolled from the heart by their child's trustfulness.

"Holiness does not consist in doing uncommon things, but in doing everything with purity of heart," declared a great theologian. The opportunity to be holy comes with every daily task, every daily temptation. Love's secret is to be always doing good with a cheerful spirit."

That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we need never open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which are never voluntarily opened.—R. W. E.

The General's Far Eastern Campaign.

NOW we draw to the main citadel of the campaign. The General's first meeting with his Japanese soldiers could not be other than of intense interest to strangers. A crowd of questions rushed into our minds as we saw the building packed with 1,000 men and women, all as quiet as if they were delegates at a Silent Conference, the women on one side of the hall, the men on the other.

Who are they? How many are soldiers in name or reality? How many have fallen under the power of family temptation and other trials? How will they sing, listen, pray? Is their spirit weak or strong, fiery or moderate?

Whatever may be their weakness—and they have some—they do not appear on the surface, and are not manifest in a prayer meeting. As I shall have occasion presently to study them at close quarters, it will suffice present purposes if I state what took place at the end of the meeting. The General was rapturously received, the preliminaries ran on the usual lines, and then—ah! what then?

A Salvation Rush.

For a solid hour the General's exposition of a good soldier commanded more than attention. His audience was in touch with the letter and spirit of his utterance, and occasionally the pillars trembled with the applauding responses; but, judged by the ordinary unwritten law of conviction, nothing unusual was to transpire—an ordinary Saturday night band of souls would possibly take place. But the Japanese are surprisers. They possess great powers of self-control until the moment for action arrives, and then look out for the barricades! They will disappear at a shot. Colonel Lawley was stealthily walking up to the General's side, as he, like a father pleading in the spirit of love and correction, was urging his children to renounce wrong and be entirely right with God, when twenty or thirty men rose within a few yards of the front seats, half a dozen on each side of the hall and one or two in the gallery. In less time than I can describe it those in the gallery ran down the stairway like rats from a sinking ship. Those in front either jumped or leapt while others rushed, and all made straight for the penitent-form. Something like the crowd that flocked to the altar in the Assembly meeting at the Alexandra Palace sixteen years ago, something like the salvation rushes of former days in Scandinavia, and yet the Japanese surrender was different. There was, so it seemed, more God in it, which is only another way of saying more conscience, more conviction, more resolution. Their military exploits and this attack on the penitent-form got inextricably mixed in my imagination, and I simply went with joy to see, 12,000 miles away from International Headquarters, such a faithful reproduction or incarnation of the true Salvation Army soul-saving, soul-hungering spirit. The General raised his eyebrows with joyous feeling, and walked up and down and across the platform as if he had struck a new rich, heavenly gold mine.

A Japanese Dick Turpin.

"Who are they? Will the Salvation Army succeed in Japan?" "Has it a mission in the Far East?" An answer to those and other questions was to be found in the first meeting the General held with soldiers and friends of the Army in Japan, when 100 were counted as yielding all to God, fifty of whom were backsliders, including a young Japanese girl Dick Turpin, who climbed Fuji when thirteen, plunged into a wild and dissolute life before she was fourteen, and who, unless the Salvation Army went hand for her, would be sent out of Tokyo to some place of detention for ten years! Desperadoes they are, these Salvation Japs, who will yet be heard of in the Far East assailing the Port Arthurs of Hell.

Suggestive of an Earthquake.

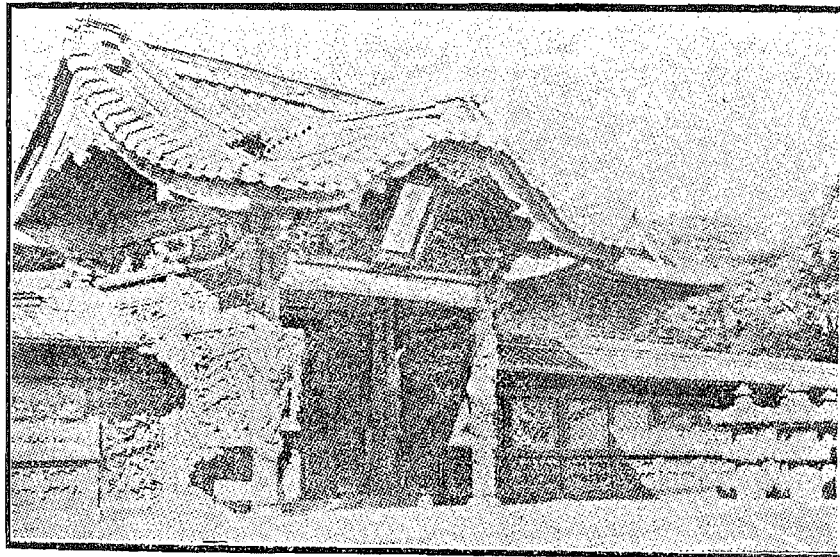
Next afternoon a conference with Colonel Higgins required my presence behind the scenes, and I was compelled to absent myself from the beginning to the end of the first part of the meeting. Suddenly we heard a rumbling sound, as if the woodwork of the building was giving way and falling down, which was succeeded by a stampede of feet sug-

A SUNDAY NIGHT'S MEETING IN TOKYO.

How the Japanese Salvation Soldier Fights.

A MEETING WITH STUDENTS—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN.

BY COMMISSIONER NICOL.



Tokyo—Shiba.

gestive of an earthquake or a fire. We at once jumped to our feet and ran into the arena of the theatre, but instead of falling wood men and women were falling down under the power of God, and instead of a fire or an earthquake, Pentecostal bombs of truth were exploding, as it were, in the consciences of sin-found-out souls, and they were rushing to the hope held out before them in the wounds of our precious Redeemer—a sight I will never, never forget. The General justly condemned our absence, but in a few seconds we were caught up into the Heaven of Joy that prevailed. There were another 100 surrenders, but perhaps my readers will be better pleased by a plain presentation of the Sunday night's meeting, although, as indicative of the marvellous conviction of sin in the afternoon, I ought to state that an afternoon meeting on a large scale on a Sunday was an experiment—there is no day of rest in Japan except for bankers and Government officials—labor is as common and diligent on a Sunday as it is on a Monday, and to see the theatre practically full, therefore, in the afternoon, was a miracle.

A Sunday Night's Meeting.

What are the features of a Japanese salvation meeting? On the answer to such a question determines the character of a corps or a territory, in fact even the destiny of the Salvation Army itself. Soul-saving is a Salvationist's life-breath. He may win applause as he is doing here, by his good works; he may win the admiration of the business world by the efficiency of his organization; he may win the admiration of the Church by the faithfulness of his conduct; but if he is not swayed by the soul-saving spirit he will suffer blight—he will, in course of time, die.

The eyes of the Salvation Army world will, I take it, be fixed upon the soul-saving efforts of the General in this country. In order, therefore, to afford my readers an idea of the spirit and character of a salvation meeting in Japan, I hope I may not be considered too limited in my vision in looking at a few contrasts and some of the minor aspects.

An Orderly Gallery.

First, a salvation meeting is marked

by exemplary order. The congregation assemble in the most polite fashion, treading the area either in their tabis or sandals. There is no hurrying and scurrying—no rushing about, except when penitents, overcome with a sense of their sin, make a dash, as I have described, for the mercy seat. As our position in Japan is comparatively weak in point of numbers, every soldier is shoved by force of circumstances into active service. The platform was very bare on this occasion, there being a small scratch band, no songsters and no striking representation of uniform. The soldiers were on duty as orderlies or collectors. Chair seats, except off the platform, are considered physical discomforts by the man in the street, and so he adheres to the ancient and inexpensive custom of making his hunches stand for our wooden arrangements. The majority of the audience are men, dressed with very distinct leanings to the European fashion. They are excellent seers. Their attitude is stoical until their eyes search the surroundings, and then nothing escapes their observation. We set our heads and bodies in motion if we want to scan a crowd; the Japanese use their eyesight, so that the movements of those on the platform are microscopically under review by their small detective optics. They are at fine ease in a meeting. They sit with a majesty of bearing and, seen in the main area with their kimonos and often bare arms leaning on the ridges, they put a speaker at rest, if he were nervous. The women wear no headgear, except an occasional ribbon or flower. What they miss (?) in this they make up for in the devices to which they put their rich profusion of black hair. Lack of technical terms prevents one from describing these things, but, as already hinted, the Japanese excel in listening. No Presbyterian domine or Dutch predikant ever had more congregations so respectful, so attentive, so thoughtful, and if I may judge, by results, so conscientious.

A Word Picture.

The General is talking of the Divine Love, likening God to a father whose heart is sad and whose soul mourns over his prodigal son. "Oh! that my boy—wicked though he be—would seek forgiveness; I would forgive him!" exclaims the General, as he finishes a con-

vincing word picture of the relations between God and man. It is accompanied by the sympathy and stillness as they follow the imagery. "That is just what your Heavenly Father feels towards you. He wants to pardon your sins if you will but come to His feet and confess and renounce them. He will write your name in the Lamb's Book of Life and make you a blessing to the people round about you. But if you won't seek His mercy, and won't have His salvation, He has arranged that your sins will find you out in justice, or on your dying bed, or at the Judgment Bar, or in the pit of Hell. Your sins will be your ruin if you don't confess them and renounce them."

So simple and so often uttered and so gloriously owned to the decision of souls for Christ. Are the words sinking into the hearts of those before the General? You cannot say.

A Grand Old Man.

The General uses an argument and returns to an appeal based on his own personal experience. Anything of that order arouses their interest and to-night, as they see the grand old man of salvation with their spirit of veneration, you are satisfied that their finer nature is being touched. But it is only in the eyes that you read the impression. Their bodies are immovable. There is no downward, condemned look, and there are no tears. Such an exhibition of feeling would be viewed as weakness or cowardice.

The General, not quite satisfied that he has rivetted his nails of truth upon the conscience of the crowd, returns to a story to enforce the quality of true heroism, the cheerful sacrifice of self-interest for the honor and glory of God. They approve of the doctrine, according to their wonderful eyes, but still indicate no facial sign of remorse.

God Alone.

The General, far from satisfied, and panting like a war horse for the sound of battle, makes an onslaught upon their manliness, and, raising his voice, he volleys question after question, till Yamamuro is almost outdistanced. "What ought you to do?" he shouts. And there is a pause. "Do the right, of course," at which, to the amazement of the foreigners, the audience breaks into a rattle of hand-clapping—the Japanese are quick, I see, to pick out the heart of a subject, and pronounce in no unmistakable fashion their approval of it. "No one can save you but God," proceeds the General. "Not your education, not your family or your ancestors, nor your money, but—" the General leaned over his 3 foot 6 rail, raised his hands and came down thus—"God alone," and again his Japanese audience clapped their hands.

Not having seen anything like it before, candidly I dreaded a disappointment in the prayer meeting, but when the General defined the conditions of salvation, repeating each proposition so that there could be no misunderstanding them, and then pointed to the penitent form, the aspect of the theatre underwent immediate transformation. Bodies as well as eyes moved, and there was a repetition, to a less demonstrative degree, of the stampede to the Cross. Some came sobbing on account of the painful price of the lusts of the flesh. Others, seeking God, bowed reverentially to the General, paid a similar respect to the Sergeant at the penitent form, and then submitted themselves sincerely to catechisation.

Two Locals took the General's fancy in the first stage of the penitent form—one a doctor by profession and a gentleman who always crept discreetly up to the penitent—the other a short-cropped, bull dog-looking old chap, his face lit up with the beams of Heaven. He dealt with some penitents by smacking their backs and making them bury their faces in their hands and cry aloud for salvation. But not one whit less truly, Salvation Army was the way many soldiers prayer. Falling on their knees, they would pray till cold—their praying, in short, reminded one of a revival of years ago. They agonize for souls, and when free fight for souls. I saw one young man between the sideways with his arms round another, his face covered with tears and his piercing eyes appealing for a surrender to Christ, his Lord.

And this young man was not alone. The Japanese soldiers must surely be heard of in days to come.

A MEETING WITH THE STUDENTS.

The General's greatest triumph during this visit to Japan was unquestionably among the students of Tokyo. In the two Universities—the Imperial and the Masida—there must be at least 18,000 students, embracing some of the noblest sons and daughters of China and Korea. The rage for education in the Far East is a fever. We have nothing to compare with it in Western nations, strong as it is there. It is the ambition of every Japanese boy or girl to learn, and, go where I will, I am constantly meeting with practical illustration of this great revival. It is not confined to one branch of education, either. The spirit of the hour says: "What other can do I can."

I was shown this morning, for instance, a lady's blouse, cut and finished by an ordinary man who watched one of our officers do one. He set to work and taught himself, and, although the stitching was not quite so perfect as a West End seamstress could present, it satisfied the lady who showed it me.

Student life is a great fact in this city. You see students everywhere, sober, thoughtful, well-behaved young men, many of them so poor that while in session they are compelled to work two or three days a week to procure the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. Hundreds are the sons of poor farmers,

for officers who will shake the Far East from its long night of spiritual slumber, and it is satisfactory to know that we have made a start in this direction. We have a small lodging house for students (more like a poor shelter to look at), and it has done some good. Under the direction of Mrs. Ensign Wilson, however, a brigade of sixty students has been formed in connection with a corps whose hall is the most insignificant in the city, but who nevertheless are so thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Army as to cheerfully accept the situation, making up this deficiency by turning their open-air meetings into red-hot and prolonged attacks for souls. It is, therefore, nothing uncommon to see sinners kneeling in the middle of the little rings seeking God. I talked with one of the students, and, if he is a fair sample, and friends will strengthen the hands of the Chief of the Staff and provide him with the funds to erect a building worthy of the opportunity, the Army will do a new thing for the Kingdom of our God. The young man lives on two plain meals a day, studies German and mathematics and other subjects during the day, and saves souls at night! What a chance! What a force!

What the Professor Said.

The General's itinerary naturally included a meeting for these young men, but alas! the capacity of the Drury Lane Theatre of Tokyo was so limited that at one time the crowd outside was so desperate to gain admission that the

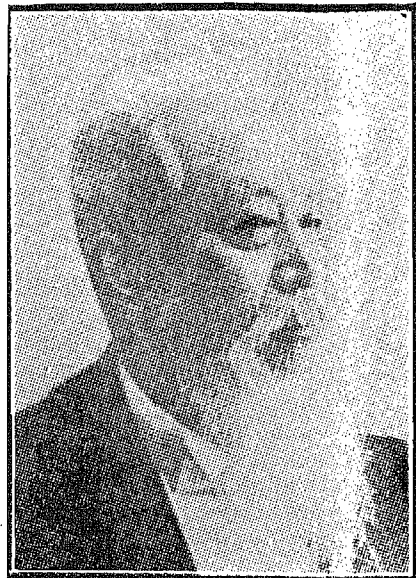
The Vice-President.

The General was introduced in a peroration of great weight by the Vice-President of the Imperial University, and then followed one of the most courageous acts of its class I have yet seen. The address was barely concluded, delivered with a lofty intonation of spirit, and interspersed with the most pointed allusions to the needs of the soul and the claims of Christ, and, as in the case of the General's meeting the night before, the parts most applauded were those that referred to the General's faith in the power of God to save and His claim upon the whole life of man. This determined upon a penitent form, and as soon as Doctor Nitobe had finished he explained his purpose, if, however, it was necessary, for such was the feeling in the vast gathering when the General sat down that he might have done anything with the crowd.

There was an awkward pause, but only a pause. Three young men rushed to the penitent form on the stage, at which the students lost their equanimity. The sight of a young man in college dress rise very deliberately from the well of the theatre and walk to the front excited their feeling and they broke into applause, and every convert after that till Major Yamamura counted twenty was hailed with similar expressions of good-will.

A Roar of Banzais.

All through the evening the buzz of the crowd outside was distinctly heard,



His Worship, the Mayor of Sendai, Who, with the City Council, Welcomed the General, and Presided Over the First Public Meeting Our Leader Held in Sendai.

forests of students' caps and shouts that beggar description. The crowd, in fact, was bewildering, while its composition must have laid siege to the General's soul. All records of previous meetings on that square were broken, but there remained the serious question, would the interpreter be heard? Fortunately, the air was mild, the wooden gable of the University entrance splendid as a sound-carrying means, and the enclosure to the right and left well crowded. Both the General and his interpreter, not only were heard, but heard well from one end to the other and all over the square. This was clearly proved by the individual plaudits, and thus encouraged the General drew upon his reserve strength for an exertion equal, if possible, to the occasion (someone hinted to him that his address was to be academic and not to treat upon the positive elements of Christianity). Buddhists and Confucians were in the vast majority; but "Is Life Worth Living?" as a subject enabled the General first to sail into the harbor of their soul flying the flag of universal interest, and at the first indication of what I have mentioned he broke away, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour preached like Paul at Athens under the night and wisdom of the Spirit of God. I will not examine the address in its instructiveness, phrasing or arguments. The main point of it was: "Where is the power to be obtained to carry into effect the maxims or the virtues of righteousness, benevolence and purity which the religion of the East enjoined upon all its devotees?" The General combatted the delusion that this moral power could be found in education, or in religious belief, or religious ceremony.

A Thunder of Applause.

"Where is it?" he asked at a moment in his oration when the unerring light of conscience was at work, and replied, midst a thunder of applause, "It is only to be found in God."

"How am I to know?" was the next question, and, with tears in his strong voice, speaking as a father to his boys, he beseeched them to seek God there and then, renounce wrong, and, using Finney's experience as a final appeal, he said: "Abandon yourself to the right and follow it whither it leads. Farewell—God be with you. We shall never meet again in this world. I shall look out for you on the other side, however, and for many of you up and down the world fighting for God and righteousness."

And then a Niagara of banzais, a shower of cameras, the function of tea-drinkings, kind words from and kind words to the Professional Court, and the grandest triumph that a Christian apostle has won among the students of the Far East was closed, or, to change the metaphor, the seed of a new life was sown in the hearts of men who will go forth to bring in a harvest of good in Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China in days to come.

I have left no space in which to deal with other events in Tokyo, notably the meeting with Christian workers, Army friends, and a morning call on Marshal Oyama and Admiral Togo, as well as the students' serenade. Enough, however, has been written, I hope, to gladden all hearts with the assurance that

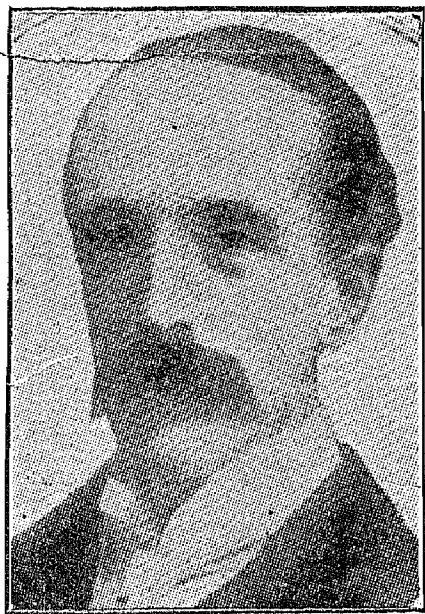


A Group of Japanese Natives.

who send two or three yen a month to enable them to pursue their studies. What one hears recalls the tales of Scottish crofters living on porridge without milk for years to support "the lad at the College."

Splendid Recruiting Ground.

The Army could not ignore such a force, and, if I mistake not, there is a splendid recruiting ground in these ranks



The Hon. H. C. Lowther, H.B.M. Charge d' Affaires, who accompanied the General at his Audience with the Emperor of Japan.

police were unable to maintain order, without promising on their own responsibility that the General would speak to them from his carriage in the streets as soon as the meeting indoors ended. Some estimate the crowd clamoring outside at 3,000 to 4,000. Colonel Higgins and I ventured to approach the gate that opens into the street and casually took hold of the supports. The Japanese on guard went frantic, for if these supports had given way a dreadful onrush leading to a panic must have ensued. A professor debarred entrance got up in the crowd, and, so I am told, said: "Gentlemen, let us exercise patience. The theatre can only hold so many. Let us show General Booth how we can restrain our spirits. I will stop with you here till his meeting is over," at which there was a banzai for "Booth Staicho"—banzai signifying "may you live for a thousand years," and Staicho meaning General. Colonel Lawley, who is an authority on crowds, declares that the sight of the solid mass of men in front of the theatre, surging and surging toward the flimsily constructed doors made him quail more than once with fear.

But of the meeting inside. Indescribable! The General was advertised to lecture on the lessons of his life applicable to the students, and the crowd turned up in the expectation of listening to an able dissertation. The platform contained the great educational powers of the Empire. There were at least thirty professors from the Universities, including the well-known Doctor Nitobe, who moved a vote of thanks. For the first time in such gatherings, women students occupied seats in a part of the theatre reserved for them. It is not the custom for lady students to be out so late at night,

and more than once a scuffle in the gallery indicated that there was an unhealthy crush, but all kept cool and none so well as did our beloved General, whose strength and vigor were renewed under the spell of such a unique chance of blessing men in the name of his Master.

In accordance with the promise of the police, the General appeared outside. Officers held the horses' heads tight while the carriage was led as near the edge of the waiting crowd as was safe. When the General rose, seen by the aid of a farthing candle held by Commissioner Nicol, the roar of banzais must have been heard miles away. The crowd was satisfied. The promise had been fulfilled, and they yelled again and again. But the General had not done. He spoke, telling them of his love for them, prayers for their happiness and usefulness, and urging them to give themselves to God, and then a wild tumultuous roar—the carriage moved forward, and amidst shows of banzais got away from the scene. "I have seen nothing like it!" exclaimed the General, as he sat down.

But he was to see greater. The Hon. President of the Masida University, Count Okuma, in the name of the University Court, extended an invitation to address the students there in the square in front of the main entrance, and it was here that the well-known orator, Mr. Bryan, of America, talked for fifteen minutes two years ago, then considered a feat. To-day, ten thousand students, and when the General reached the extemporized platform, led by the Count and the professors, such a vision of human faces met his gaze as he has never seen and may never again. Every head was uncovered, and every face a study in dignity, strenuousness and soul. Shoulder to shoulder they stood until the moment of reception, and then up went

God is indeed powerfully working through the General, and that influence are at work that suggest the shaping of a force that will help this great people to be mighty in the affairs of peace and righteousness as they have been in deeds of valor on the fields of battle.

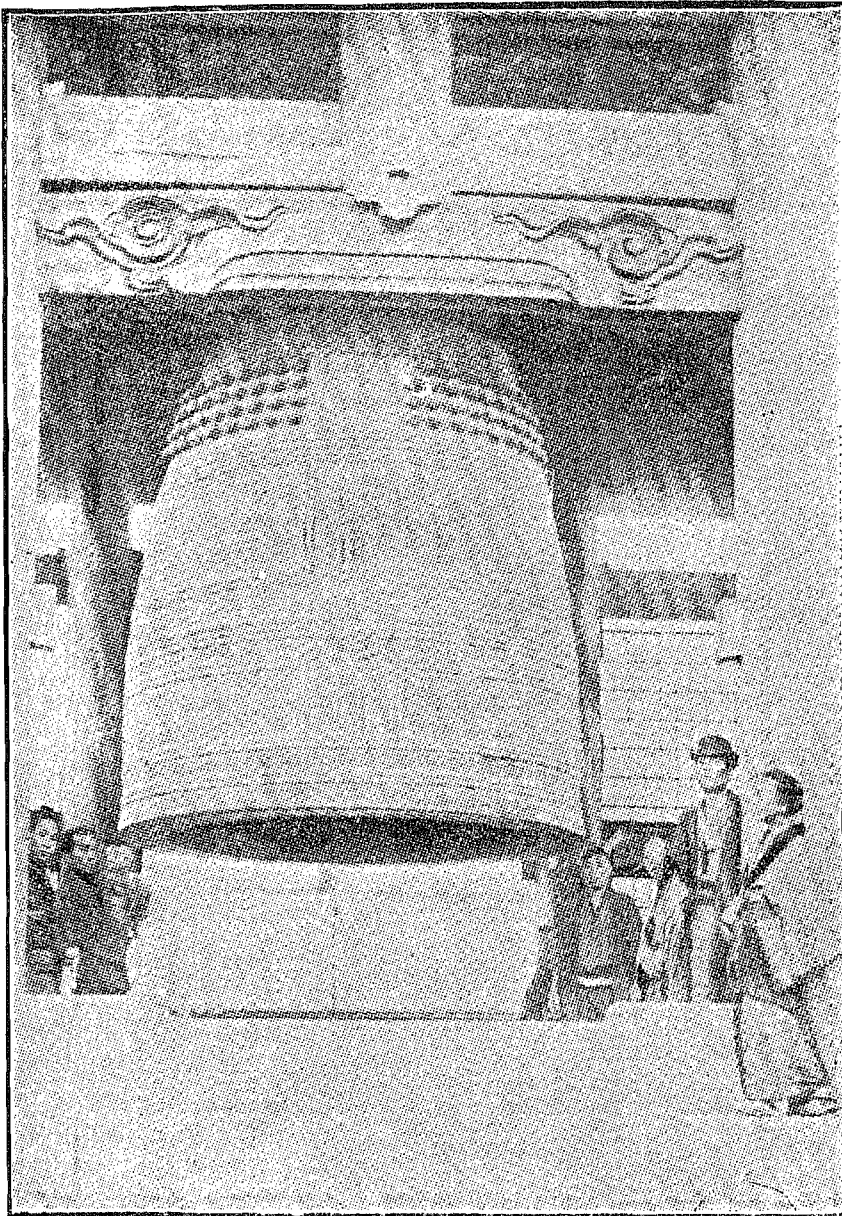
THE PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN.

The General's Provincial campaign opened with such an example of pure and undefiled Salvationism that will delight, and, I hope, inspire every soldier of Christ who reads of it. We left Tokyo—with its epoch-making events engraven like pictures on our mind—at ten on the morning of the 26th April, a bright and beautiful morning. The first objective before the General was Maebashi, the centre of Japan's ever-expanding silk trade, a town with a population of forty thousand, supported by the cultivation of the worm's food, the mulberry leaf, and the preparation of the raw material, and a town, though only one hundred miles from Tokyo, which has been less influenced by the march of Western methods than one would anticipate. Herein lies a story, which, put in a nutshell, simply means that there was no carriage within forty miles of the town to take the General from the station to his first meeting place—rather more than a mile. But there was the rickshaw, or "Cruna," as it is locally called, and perforce, we all scrambled into rickshaws, the Staff, the Mayor and the City Councillors, and we had the novelty of a procession a mile long, and the Army and its friends in rickshaws passing through the midst of ten to fifteen thousand people who lined the streets to pay their respects to the man whose career, no less than his age, they delight to honor.

An Enterprising Jap.

Then the hall where the General held his first meeting introduced us to another phase of Japan's modernization that is worth noting, namely, the adaptation, if not the adoption, of Western methods. The proprietor of the place began life as a porter, but by dint of the native crave for learning the arts of nineteenth century progress he determined to rise. To-day he is one of the richest men in the town and quite recently erected a hall, with a suite of rooms for club and other select meetings attached to it. Now this hall is not in the slightest form at all after the European style, except the auditory, and that is only a question of symmetry. Everything is Japanese, and I confess I expected to derive some pleasure from such glimpses as an enterprise as this would provide of the Japanese, but I did not dream of being captured to the extent that I was while looking at the artistic panelling, the charming abutments in the rooms tastefully adorned with pictorial screens, flowers, brass-work, and all set in a fashion that gives the rooms the appearance of perfect repose and simplicity—in fact, a casual glance gives the impression that the rooms, though sweetly clean, are naked and unadorned. So far, then, there is no inclination here to copy the European style; but when the General's meeting broke up with its glorious triumph at the penitent form, the flooring of the hall was carpeted and long trestled tables were placed in parallel lines on each side, and then the Japanese girls, in their most artistic attire, hurried about till the tables were loaded with all the edibles and implements for a—oh! the pathos of it—Western feed!

Still, I picked up a wrinkle here. After a good pastor had asked the blessing, and while waiting for the first course, a gentleman rose and informed the guests, one hundred in number, and the influential, of his experiences in Tokyo at the General's meetings. Then he reminded them of the General's counsel that day and asked: "What are you going to do with it? Are you going to go to do with it? Are you going to go to do with it? Are you going to go to do with it?" Here merely listen to it or practice it?" Here now was a chance, and so the writer shouted to Commissioner Railton, who was presiding at the other table, to take advantage of the delay; and, of course, his resourcefulness supplied the company with a discourse on the relation of Japan to the conversion of the Far East. Then, not to be ignored, the Territorial Commissioner, after a few dishes had been disposed of, employed the General's interpreter (Major Yamamoto) for a quarter of an hour, while he thanked the committee for their hos-



Kioto—Great Bell at Daibutsu Temple

pitality and gave an account of the conquests of the General in Tokyo. And thus the tedium of a banquet was overcome and the feast made one of reason as well.

But I am wandering somewhat. I have forgotten the General. He fills the people's thought wherever he goes. Without any engineering, the Railway Company placed before him and his suite an English-speaking Japanese official, who kept the train on time, and when, as the penalty of receiving deputations or addressing replies at the stations en route, the train went about twenty-five minutes behind, our friend uncoupled a few carriages, lightened the burden for the locomotive, and arrived in Maebashi only one minute late. How's that?

And now for the General's example. Maebashi was in holiday attire when he was received at the station by the Secretary of the Governor, Mayor, Chairman of the County Council, and other local celebrities. A thousand banners and flags, specially printed with welcome mottoes, fluttered on the breeze. Royal arches, erected at the city's expense, met his eye. Five thousand eight hundred people crushed around the platform in front of the station and bannaised the "Christian nobleman"—a new name for the General—till further orders.

"You are the people I like, my life has been spent for the good of the working classes and the poor," was one of the sentences of the General's speech in reply to these demonstrations, and again rang the banzais, and then through a maze of flags the rickshaw procession went to the hall I have just described—all events, the moral of which is too deep and too profound for one who is attempting an impressionist sketch to define. I leave my readers to imagine it, thank God for it all, and before the great fact renew their thanksgiving to the great God for the doors of fulfillment which it is opening for the common-salvation soldier in this great nation.

Any ordinary man would, I feel certain, have followed the conventional usage by treating his first audience to a philosophic discourse upon the history of the movement that produced such results, but not so General Booth. People of estate and no estate gathered to hear him, some sacrificing their daily bread and travelling twenty to forty miles to

see his face and to hear him speak words of wisdom. What would he say?

The preliminaries pointed to his determination. A row of empty seats beneath the platform rail, a salvation song and a salvation solo and an open Bible showed where the General would steer to. All around him were the pillars of civic life, who at such functions make speeches and toast to the Empire and the way of the gods. This great man, however, has a message from Jehovah, is a hater of shams, is a believer in Heaven and Hell, and is panting for the salvation of the dominion of

see the General in their mutual eyes, several young ladies belonging to a Christian High School that were given a holiday in honor of the General's visit to Maebashi.

The night's meeting was educational, at which addresses were delivered by the Secretary of the Governor, who contended that only by such men as General Booth and by such teaching and living as he gave to the world would the walls that divide the rich from the

poor crumble to the ground. His visit to Japan, he also believed, was opportune. The nation needed a new lead in religion and moral development, and it would be considerably helped by the principles which the General was daily enunciating.

Glance at the World.

CANADIAN.

A Saskatchewan woman, while fighting to save her homestead from a prairie fire the other day, fell in an epileptic fit, and was so badly burned that she is not expected to live.

Prince Fushimi, who is now on his way to Japan, will be taken from Victoria to Yokohama on H. M. S. "Monmouth."

In connection with the recent freight train wreck on the G. T. R. at Beatty Station, the entire crew of the west-bound train has been arrested pending an investigation, except Champness, the engineer, who has disappeared.

Sir Robert Bond was entertained recently in London at dinner, by the West India Club. A letter of regret from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain expressed the hope that Newfoundland would join the Dominion, but Sir Robert Bond said that the union was not at present within the region of practical politics, and a repetition of the action on the fisheries question a year ago would not only be regarded as humiliating to the colony, but would lead to the total disregard of all constitutional authority within it.

A detachment of the North-West Mounted Police keeping order at Yorkton during the rush for the Doukhobor lands, have had their work greatly increased by remarks from the crowd about the land office. The Yorkton Town Council held a special meeting to consider the matter, authorized the Mounted Police to continue to keep order, and the next day those who had sought amusement in the work of the police, found occupation for part of their spare time in paying fines.

A Japanese owning a rice mill on an island in the Fraser River has been fined by a Vancouver court for making saki from part of his little stock.

Fifty square miles of pulp timber, the property of the Spanish River Pulp Company, has been bought by Wisconsin syndicate for \$2,500,000.

Two land inspectors near Wroughton, Algoma, had a nasty encounter with a pack of wolves a few days ago, being kept in a tree for several hours.



The Children of the Salvation Army School Celebrate Empire Day at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Human Wedge Saves Lives.

Laborer in Oil Fields Throws Himself Before Rolling Cask and Dies.

"Greater love hath no man shown than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

This morning the bruised and broken body of plain Charles Lawson, hero, Salvation Army worker and toiler in the oil fields, lies at rest in a humble grave, but his name is on the roll of everlasting honor, and his memory will be green as long as gratitude shall live.

Nobody had picked him for a hero. The story of his tragic passing is superbly simple. Ever since his conversion, he has been a steady worker in the oil fields, and a few days ago, when a giant cask of asphaltum was being moved, Lawson was assisting some other workmen. The great barrel become uncontrollable—a demon of motion. With fiendish ferocity it lumbered directly toward a ditch, where several unsuspecting laborers were toiling. A dozen men closed their eyes in horror. Lawson did not close his. He opened them wider, and leaped forward. Sickened, his comrades turned away. There was a crunch, a smothered groan—and Lawson's life work was over. His body, horribly mashed, was the wedge which turned the great cask from the ditch.

Entire Corps No. 1, of the Salvation Army followed his honored remains to Evergreen Cemetery yesterday afternoon.—Los Angeles Daily Times.



rades in British Columbia.

over the past, and commenced to tell the story. A short time before he had been a very earnest Salvationist, and it especially led to offer himself for the Work; he did so, and at that time

Headquarters were sending a few Candidates into the field on trial, without going in training (as Agent-Captains.) He received his appointment for a certain corps—but here his mother and father interviewed and pleaded with him to change his mind and study them. He gave in to their entreaties, and soon afterward nearly broke their hearts by getting a five year's sentence. The Captain went to find his mother, and found her dying, with no one in the room, she refused him an entrance and died a wretched death. She wouldn't have anyone near her. A few weeks afterwards, the father dropped dead in his doorway.

Who can relate the sorrows that hover over a neglected call to obedience and duty?—Brantford Corps Correspondent.

The Two Calls.

Over twelve years ago the Spirit of God strove with a young girl, urging her to give her heart to God, and she surrendered. At the same time her father was resisting the Spirit by refusing to give up smoking, which hindered his spiritual growth. As a result, he lost his experience and is to-day an open backslider. The young girl continued to obey God and is now the matron of a Salvation Army Working Women's Home. Many hours does she spend alone with God, praying that He will save her parents and bring them back to Himself.

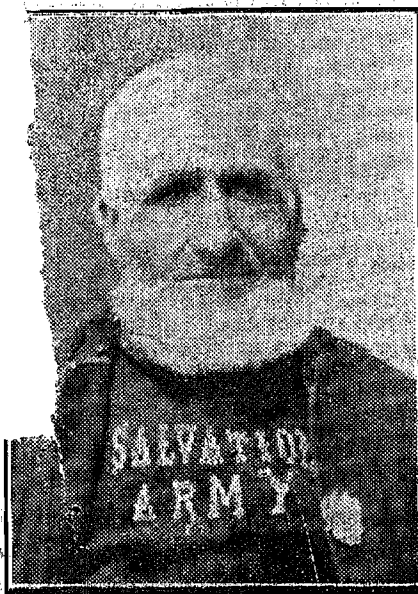
They are both growing old and will soon have to meet their God and the burden grows heavy on her heart.

Day after day the prayer rises to her lips, "Oh, God, save my mother and father, let me see them converted before they are numbered with the dead," and though the answer does not seem to come, she is confident that God hears and will one day answer her prayer.

We would ask the readers of the Cry and the members of the Praying League to pray that the parents will soon be brought back to Him Who is able to save to the uttermost.

A Story with a Moral.

When Brother Sly was stationed in odden corps, Norfolk, in the Old Country, he received a letter from a man in jail, asking for an interview. He journeyed up and found out the man, and he was in a very agitated state of mind. He had been thinking

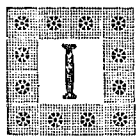


Dad Ford, of Oakville, who, although 82 years of age, collected \$7.00 for Self-Denial.

A mutiny among the fourth squadron of the Hussars of the Guard has occurred at Tsarkoe-Selo. Considerable apprehension was felt, as the Imperial family has just removed there, but the disaffected men were surrounded and disarmed without bloodshed.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CAMPAIGN.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.



AM asked to mention some of the principles and practices which command success in Young People's Work.

I will put first of all; Anxiety for their Salvation and future welfare. This is what animated Robert Raikes, the father of Sabbath Schools. A poor cobbler, living in the ancient city of Gloucester, England, moved by pity for the spiritually neglected children on the streets, drew them into his humble dwelling and taught them about God and salvation, thus inaugurating a new system and immortalizing his own name. Without some real concern for the Young People's salvation, very little will be accomplished. Some show a commendable desire to benefit children and young people in material ways, by physical and mental improvement. It is a sad fact that so many, perhaps the majority of young people, remain unconverted. Salvation of the soul is the all-essential work; this must be preeminent.

Be Sincere.

Wholeheartedness and sincerity are indispensable to a Young People's worker, for every child is a born critic. Fathers and mothers hear the characters of the workers, invariably, the out-and-out earnest man is applauded, while the half-hearted is very likely disdained.

The first thing to do with children is to interest them, they soon tire of the hum-drum; they hate monotony. By all means get out of the ruts. Young People are interested by living things. Dead things do not strongly appeal to them. A live animal, a mechanical toy, even a doll that will squeak are infinitely more desirable to a child. Dead religion is repulsive. Sombre garments, funeral emblems, solemn countenances, the constant reiteration of the decalogue, religion represented as the robber of pleasure, the moral policeman; all these are hateful to the young. A religion expansive, buoyant, active, bright, its insignia bearing the harp, the trumpet, the tambourine, and, for that matter, the drum, will be more attractive. Young People's workers must be cheerful and bright.

Be Intelligent.

These things must not usurp the place of intelligence. The children's work demands the best people. The prevalent habit of disposing of the weak people to the Junior War is the acme of folly. Young People's minds are expansive, they thirst for knowledge; the teacher who can instruct them gains both their ears and their hearts. The only Sabbath class the writer ever attended was conducted by a man—a quarryman, rough, uncultured, with few personal charms, except that he was a natural thinker and a Bible student. The young people felt no constraint in his class, but rather welcomed the hour of commencement.

The Young People's teacher who does not labor to acquire knowledge must not wonder if he or she fail utterly in obtaining any practical results.

The Personal Element.

The majority of conversions are the result of personal effort. Not, perhaps, the effort of the individuals who were present when the glorious

transaction was done, but another, whose words, acts, or personal holiness led to confidence in religion and conviction of sin. A renowned infidel remarked that "the Kingdom of God was dependant upon the energies of men." This is both true and false; God is pleased to invite human co-operation; it is certain that Young People's salvation is largely influenced by human personalities.

The Young People's teacher who is slow, slovenly, irritable and ignorant, will be repulsive, but activity, promptness, patience, intelligence and generosity will be an irresistible cause of commendation.

The Young People's worker must impress his own personality upon the children, as well as the cut and dried Scriptural lesson. Strong personality is essential and invaluable.

Be Enterprising.

Nothing eventually profits like enterprise. The adventurous spirit or disposition is fascinating to Young People. The giant killers, Jack Shepherds, and heroes of the penny dreadfuls have a peculiar charm. It is no use to stifle this instinctive spirit of enterprise in boys and girls, but rather it ought to be utilized in God's service. The Army has succeeded through its enterprises. Years ago the General left the beaten track, and consecrated his spirit of enterprise to God. The result has been remarkable. It has often been said that the same enterprise in politics or trade would have led him, in any case, to riches and honor. What lack of enterprise is shown in the Young Peoples work! In the majority of corps there is no distinctive hall, very few teachers, hardly any music or special singing. Sometimes the children have to dodge the seniors in order to hold a meeting at all. This is pitiable. There should be a hall, a Junior Band, library, singing company, Band of Love, Anti-Smoking League, etc., but more of this anon. If it is expected to catch and hold Young People by slow and jog-trot methods, disappointment is certain. The stage coach methods may suite the old fogies; the Young People live in the motor cycle and automobile age.

Why should not this Summer Campaign inaugurate a progressive hustling Young People's work in every corps?

Be Comprehensive.

The danger of many Young People's workers may be exclusiveness. Here is a real danger; the leader wants his "little bit" all to himself, and inspires in the workers a narrow mind; this is ruinous. Any needless separation of Senior and Junior operations should be prevented. The C. O. must have as much interest in one as the other. The Junior Sergt.-Major should never rest until the C. O. is an enthusiastic Young People's Officer.

To collect a "handful" of children in the corner of a room, unnoticed and unrecognized, except by those faithful ones appointed over them, is not the Army's ideal for the J. S. War. The true intention is aggression. No child in the neighborhood of an Army hall should be permitted to grow up ignorant of God, of the Bible and of the true purposes of life. A continual effort should be made to attract the Young People who go to no Sunday

School. Every J. S. corps should accept this position. It is necessary to repeat the words of Jesus to-day to many adults who are not wise enough to realize the greatness of this work. "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me and forbid them not, etc." Wise people will go much farther than merely getting out of the way, they will rather urge the universal compulsion of children.

Go for the Worst.

"Go for souls, and go for the worst" is one of the General's favorite axioms. This surely applies to children. The Army is, in the eyes of many people, a wonder-working organization; if there is a hard case, incorrigible and untamable, the frequent advice is, "Take him to the Army." This reputation entails responsibility, which the Army is urged to accept. It was so with the Lord Jesus Christ. Every healing miracle only advertised His Divine power, and brought hundreds of other sick ones. The J. S. workers of the Army should be interested in all the incorrigibles in their neighborhood, both boys and girls. Fathers and mothers should be so impressed as to bring their unruly children for help to the S. A. Junior corps. As the rich man in Mark, ix Chap. said to Jesus, "I have brought unto Thee my son which hath a devil." His expectation was born of confidence, the result of glorious accomplishments. The salvation of the children will become an avenue of opportunity into the parents' hearts.

The Need of To-Day.

There is nothing more essential for the betterment of the world, in this age, than better home training of children. The religious organization that can exert a good influence on the home, will increase in strength. This can be accomplished through the children.

It is continually stated that this is an age of lax parental respect and control. Children of fourteen and fifteen years of age become unmanageable. That weak-willed parents should have timely help, and thus prevent the ruin of Young People through their self-will, is truly an important matter.

Band Chat.

The Vancouver Band visited Victoria on the 24th May, and provided splendid band concerts on the streets during the afternoon, and in the barracks at night.

Staff-Captain Hayes, accompanied by Captain Quaife, Captain Knudson and Lieut. Nelson were with the band. The Visitors were entertained appropriately by the Victoria Salvationists, and before their departure warmly expressed their appreciation of the hospitality extended to them. They were also well pleased with the attention paid them by the holiday crowds, who during the afternoon, gathered in large numbers to listen to the band, and showed their appreciation of it by a free will offering that amounted to \$20.00.

The Lindsay Band has recently been reorganized. They have visited the House of Refuge, and the old folks were simply delighted with the sweet strains of music. Bandmaster Maslin is appointed to lead them on, and Professor Joyce acts as Deputy-Bandmaster.

The S. S. Corinthian Party.

Adjutant Wheatley Acts as Conductor.

Adjutant Wheatley recently arrived in Canada in charge of a party of immigrants, on board the "Corinthian." There were about one hundred and thirty people whom he had to



Adjutant Wheatley.

care for, including five families sent out by the Birmingham Distress Committee.

Many of the party were women, who were coming out to join their husbands, and a few were coming out under the care of the Army, for the purpose of getting married to young fellows who were making their way to Canada.

One woman, with two little children was on board, who had suffered a sad disappointment some time previously. She was all ready to accompany her husband, when the children were smitten with chicken-pox, and she had to stay in Glasgow for many weary months till they recovered. The Army looked after her while there, and as soon as possible arrangements were made for her to come to Canada.

On the voyage a concert was given, at which about \$25.00 was raised for charitable purposes. The Adjutant obtained the consent of the stewards to devote a portion of it to helping the woman and providing her with some necessities for her children.

The Adjutant led the meeting at the Toronto Temple on Monday night. He is much impressed with the fine cities of the Dominion, and enjoyed the Sunday's meetings he attended at Lippincott and Yorkville immensely.

A Touching Act.

A poor woman, crossing one of the public parks, suddenly stopped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A policeman saw the act and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive manner convinced him that she was making off with some article of value, such as is frequently dropped by accident in public places. He called to her roughly, "Here, what have you got in your apron?" His threatening official tone frightened her, and she made no answer. Feeling sure that she had hidden a pocket-book or jewel, he ordered her to show what she was trying to carry away, he would arrest her. Then the poor woman timidly unrolled her apron, and revealed a half broken glass. The policeman at it a moment and muttered in the world do you want rubbish?" "I just thought it out of the way of feet," she answered me.

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Truthfulness and sincerity are the basis to a Young People's work. Every child is a born worker and mothers hear the words of the workers, invariably, with-out earnest man is ap- plete the half-hearted is disdained.

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School. Every J. S. corps should accept this position. It is necessary to repeat the words of Jesus to-day to many adults who are not wise enough to realize the greatness of this work. "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me and forbid them not, etc." Wise people will go much farther than merely getting out of the way, they will rather urge the universal compul- sion of children.

Go for the Worst.

"Go for souls, and go for the worst" is one of the General's favorite axioms. This surely applies to child- ren. The Army is, in the eyes of many people, a wonder-working organization; if there is a hard case, incorrigible and untamable, the fre- quent advice is, "Take him to the Army." This reputation entails re- sponsibility, which the Army is urged to accept. It was so with the Lord Jesus Christ. Every healing miracle only advertised His Divine power, and brought hundreds of other sick ones. The J. S. workers of the Army should be interested in all the incorrigibles in their neighborhood, both boys and girls. Fathers and mothers should be so impressed as to bring their unruly children for help to the S. A. Junior corps. As the rich man in Mark, ix Chap. said to Jesus, "I have brought unto Thee my son which hath a devil." His expectation was born of confidence, the result of glorious accomplishments. The salvation of the children will become an avenue of opportunity into the parents' hearts.

The Need of To-Day.

There is nothing more essential for the betterment of the world, in this age, than better home training of children. The religious organization that can exert a good influence on the home, will increase in strength. This can be accomplished through the children.

It is continually stated that this is an age of lax parental respect and control. Children of fourteen and fifteen years of age become unmanageable. That weak-willed parents should have timely help, and thus prevent the ruination of Young People through their self-will, is truly an important matter.

Band Chat.

The Vancouver Band visited Vic- toria on the 24th May, and provided splendid band concerts on the streets during the afternoon, and in the bar- racks at night.

Staff-Captain Hayes, accompanied by Captain Quaife, Captain Knudson and Lieut. Nelson were with the band. The Visitors were entertained appropriately by the Victoria Salva- tionists, and before their departure warmly expressed their appreciation of the hospitality extended to them. They were also well pleased with the attention paid them by the holiday crowds, who during the afternoon, gathered in large numbers to listen to the band, and showed their appreci- ation of it by a free will offering that amounted to \$20.00.

The Lindsay Band has recently been reorganized. They have visited the House of Refuge, and the old folks were simply delighted with the sweet strains of music. Bandmaster Maslin is appointed to lead them on, and Professor Joyce acts as Deputy- Bandmaster.

The S. S. Corinthian Party.

Adjutant Wheatley Acts as Con- ductor.

Adjutant Wheatley recently arrived in Canada in charge of a party of immigrants, on board the "Corinthian." There were about one hundred and thirty people whom he had to



Adjutant Wheatley.

care for, including five families sent out by the Birmingham Distress Com- mittee.

Many of the party were women, who were coming out to join their husbands, and a few were coming out under the care of the Army, for the purpose of getting married to young fellows who were making their way in Canada.

One woman, with two little child- ren was on board, who had suffered a sad disappointment some time pre- viously. She was all ready to accom- pany her husband, when the children were smitten with chicken-pox, and she had to stay in Glasgow for many weary months till they recovered. The Army looked after her while there, and as soon as possible arrange- ments were made for her to come to Canada.

On the voyage a concert was given, at which about \$25.00 was raised for charitable purposes. The Adjutant obtained the consent of the stewards to devote a portion of it to helping the woman and providing her with some necessities for her children.

The Adjutant led the meeting at the Toronto Temple on Monday night. He is much impressed with the fine cities of the Dominion, and enjoyed the Sunday's meetings he attended at Lippincott and Yorkville, im- mensely.

A Touching Act.

A poor woman, crossing one of the public parks, suddenly stop- ped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A police- man saw the act and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive man- ner convinced him that she was mak- ing off with some article of value, such as is frequently dropped by accident in public places. He called to her roughly, "Here, what have you got in your apron?" His threaten- ing official tone frightened her, and she made no answer. Feeling sure that she had hidden a pocket-book or jewel, he ordered her to show what she was trying to carry away. Then he would arrest her. The poor woman timidly unrolled her apron, and revealed a handful of broken glass. The policeman stared at it a moment and muttered: "What in the world do you want with that rubbish?" "I just thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet," she answered meekly.

THE WAR CRY.

GRAND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND & AINSKIN, BY THE SALVATION ARMY PRINTING HOUSE, 18 ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Lieutenant Emily Jones to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Maud Norman to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Sarah Coleman to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Mary Lidman to be Captain.
- Cadet Annie Sainsbury to be Pro-Lieutenant at Loo Cove.
- Cadet Carrie Peach to be Pro-Lieutenant at Lamaline.
- Cadet Reuben Perry to be Pro-Lieutenant at Comfort Cove.
- Cadet Nathan Warren to be Pro-Lieutenant at Bay Bull's Arm.
- Cadet James Moulton to be Pro-Lieutenant at Grand Bank.
- Cadet William Marsh to be Pro-Lieutenant at Bay Roberts.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Headquarters Notes

By I. C.

Definite news concerning Self-Denial is difficult to obtain from some of the Provinces, on account of the distances of the corps from the various P.H.Q. and the very scattered Districts. "I. C." learns, however, that the prospects are good and that the total is likely to be in the neighborhood of forty-thousand dollars. Fire a volley!

The Training Home Province has done magnificently, and if each corps in it had done as well as one or two, the increase would have been a record one, the total for this Province is, however, over five thousand dollars.

The Old No. 1. had a great "send off" at the Tent Campaign on the opening night. The Lisgar Band and Soldiery did well. They also promised through Captain McPetrick, twenty dollars, towards the expenses of fixing up this tent. This is splendid, and as it should be—the daughter helping the mother.

The Chief Secretary, although in poor health, had a splendid day on Sunday.

News has reached my ears that Majors Green and Morehen have received from the Chief of the Staff, their marching orders for our fair land. The former will be sailing on June 19th, and the latter on June 27th.

I bespeak for these comrades and their wives a very hearty welcome from the Canadian Officers and Soldiers. They will prove a splendid addition to our fighting force.

We learn that these comrades have fought under our present Commissioner; in fact, they have both given long and faithful service in the Salvation Army. Major Green's last command in the United Kingdom was

The General's Reflections on His Far Eastern Tour.

Korea to be Opened and a Japanese Officer to be Second in Command of the Army's Work in Japan.

THE COMMANDER CHEERS THE GENERAL.



AFTER the longest voyage on her record, the S.S. "Minnesota," with the General on and his party on board, glided into Puget Sound, on Thursday, June 6th, and wharved at Seattle on the following morning.

The voyage was marked by dense fogs and sudden squalls, but the magnificent sea-going qualities of the good ship made her impervious to the mighty waves of the vast Pacific, and the General's Staff, as usual, turned the rooms of the party into a literary factory.

The General had decided to issue a volume of sermons, and, on the voyage, completed a thirty-thousand words' edition, besides much other work.

Commissioner Nicol, Colonel Higgins and numerous pencils gave a good account of themselves—the work beingsandwiched between conferences on the Evangelical and Educational prospects of the Army in the Far East.

The General conducted divine service in the saloon, and lectured to an influential audience—including twenty missionaries. A farewell offering of two hundred dollars was given.

After the fogs on the Pacific, came Orient-like sunshine at Seattle, where the meeting of the General and the Commander was of the most affectionate character.

With characteristic initiative, Canada's Commissioner had arranged way-side meetings, and a big celebration at Quebec, if the railroads enable the General to reach the Atlantic seaboard in time.

The General, on mature reflection, states that the Japanese Campaign far exceeds his most sanguine expectations. He has been very powerfully impressed with the educational revival; the industrial possibilities; the commercial advantages and the open door presented to Christianity in the Far East. Though fully aware that there are dangers, yet, the General considers that the builders of New Japan have their eyes open to the same, and are animated with the ambition to promote the highest national and moral interests of their country.

The General further considers that Japan's attitude is peaceful towards all nations. Those who magnify small differences are in danger of working mischief, but can in no wise change Japan's object concerning International development, and the maintaining of a conservative position in the Far East. Greater danger lies in other directions. The General dreads further advance in the habits of gambling and drinking; also a spread of negationism and indifferentism produced by an education that has a tendency more destructive of the old faith than constructive of a new.

Our Leader regards the Army's position as being more than encouraging, and environed with the most wonderful opportunities. The chief difficulty being how to encompass them.

Before leaving Japan, the General decided to open Korea, and has selected Lieut.-Colonel Duce to pioneer the work in that ancient kingdom, over which is passing a wave of revivalism similar to that of Ireland in 1840, marked by intense conviction of sin.

The General further decided, in view of certain facts placed before him, to institute a League of Protection for Japanese young women, to be affiliated with branches at Seattle, San Francisco and other American ports. The Training System is also to be improved. The appointment of Brigadier Yamamuro, to be second in command, is viewed as a high tribute to Japan, as well as to the officer, himself. Above all other things, the General considers that the future of Japan depends upon a true presentation of Christianity. The unsettling effects of Western contentions—along with a comparative absence of positive manifest proof of its Divinity, except by unmistakable holiness of life and Christ-like benevolence, imposes upon us the necessity of pushing upon the people a religion based upon such testimony as "I know in Whom I have believed," and "Jesus saves me now."

When the strenuous character of the campaign is remembered, the General has enjoyed remarkably good health. It goes without saying, that the presence of the Commander imparts the tonic required for the journey to Quebec, with blessing for both body and spirit.

The General has been mightily cheered on hearing the account of the Commander's great Western tour.—A. M. N.

the Sunderland Division, while Major Morehen's was the Sheffield Division.

Changes are in the air. I shall keep my ears open for any news that may be going about, and you may reckon upon me keeping you as well posted as possible.

The T.H.Q. Staff Band is doing well and taking on plenty of work. The playing from the Depot to Headquarters the other morning, on their return from a week-end campaign, was a great idea. Will all bands, when they go out for a week-end, please play from the Depot to some central spot and then dismiss. It brings the Army to the front, and, best of all, advertises the Master Whom we serve.

Brigadier Taylor is to be congratulated upon the arrangements made for the Tent Campaign at the corner of Queen and Tecumseth, and it speaks well for the arrangements that will be made for the Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove. Lieut. Donaldson, the builder of the Chester Barracks, also deserves a word of commendation for the way in which he has labored. When the Lord gives out the prizes our devoted builders will not be forgotten.

There is a rumor that Yorkville is to be officered by a comrade of long experience, but rumor also says he is a long time in coming. However, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The need has brought forth the devoted wife of the Provincial Officer to command of this corps, and she has rendered splendid service, assisted by Captain N. Coombs, of the Training Home.

East Toronto, so efficiently served by Orderlies Simpson and Kyle and Cadet Butterworth; during the last few months, is, we understand, to have a Salvation Hall of its own. Little York and East Toronto are adjoining each other. A splendid corps should be raised here. The Cadets will be glad to receive donations towards this new building. Send it to them at the Training College, or to Brigadier Taylor.

The work of the Cadets at the different corps is very much appreciated, and splendid success has attended their efforts.

Is there any foundation for the whispers that come to us that North Toronto is to have a new Hall on Eglinton Avenue for the establishment of a new corps? And that the brave little Wychwood warriors, are soon to have a building scheme launched? We hope so.

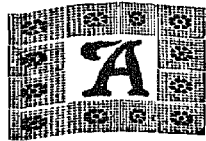
Visitors from the Old Land are all the time coming to our shores, while occasionally we receive visitors from the Antipodes. Adjutant Wheatley, an old and tried officer from London, England, is in Toronto; while we hear that Adjutant Narraway, an officer who has done twenty-five years service, and is still on fire for the salvation of souls, is on her way to see us. The Australian representative this time is Brigadier Joseph Williams, an officer who has served on the Australian Field for upwards of twenty years. Quite a number of old veterans from the United States of America have been looking us up recently. To one and all, we give a thousand welcomes.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN HAS BEGUN IN TORONTO.

The Commissioner Conducts the Opening Services at Two Tents.

A Splendid Week-End Under Canvas—The Commissioner at Yorkville and the Chief Secretary at Queen Street.



ALTHOUGH somewhat belated, the summer is now upon us, and in the Queen City, the customary Campaign under canvas has commenced in real earnest, and a few days ago the Commissioner opened two very commodious tents situated in localities most favorable to aggressive Christianity.

The first tent was opened last Thursday night at the corner of Queen and Tecumseth Sts.; and will house the old No. 1, known as the Esther Street corps.

The tent will accommodate about 480, is lighted with electricity, and situated just in the main current of a great tide of humanity that surges backward and forward unceasingly, all through the long evenings. We congratulate Brigadier Taylor on the locality, and feel sure that out of the multitudes who pass by the Salvation tent, some great trophies will be won for God.

It was a magnificent opening. The Commissioner was assisted by the Headquarters Staff Band, also the Lisgar Street Band, and a great crowd flowed in and filled every inch of available space.

The Chief Secretary commenced the meeting by lining out the magnificent old hymn, "Hark, the gospel news is sounding," which was grandly rendered by the two bands and the large crowd.

The Commissioner threw the meeting open for some testimonies, and so ready was the response, that at times two at once testified to the saving power of God. There were some experiences given that showed how lasting was the work done in the days of long ago, for several testified to having been saved from sin twenty-five years previous.

We have already mentioned that the Lisgar Street Band was present, and, in their new uniforms, looked exceedingly smart and fit. They played "Jerusalem my happy home," and we do not remember having heard that noble old tune played on a brass band with greater sweetness of tone, delicacy of phrasing, finish, and more swelling harmony, than on that occasion.

The Chief Secretary had a few words and told us of the good times experienced on board ship, but that he felt like the old woman whose Latin was a little mixed, and was glad when she put her feet again on "terra cotta." He, the Colonel, was also glad to feel his feet on terra cotta, or terra firma.

The Commissioner then based a most impassioned and heart-searching appeal on the words, "The people that do know their God shall be strong, etc."

It was an appeal to Salvationists for more wholehearted service, and to the unsaved to come and have the victory over their sins.

In the prayer meeting that followed some splendid cases came out to the Mercy Seat, amongst them being a drunken father, who was led out by his little son. There was another man,

somewhat under the influence of liquor, who in his testimony said that when he came in it was full—adding by way of explanation, that it was the hall, not himself that was full—a remark that caused considerable merriment. An actress and several other very interesting cases sought salvation—a foretaste, no doubt, of the many similar scenes that may be witnessed during the four months that Old No. 1 will be at the corner of Queen and Tecumseth.

Tent Campaign at Yorkville.

The brave locals and soldiers of the Yorkville corps are certainly in a position to appreciate the opportunities afforded to them by the erection of a tent in which to pursue their energetic warfare for the souls of men, during the hot summer months. They have put in a good fight under the unfavorable restrictions of a small unsuitable meeting place, the best obtainable, withal—for many months past; but the fact that the Commissioner, himself, arranged to lead the opening week-end under canvas must have been a measure of compensation to them. Expectations ran high; Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, who with Captain Nellie Coombs, has been supplying at the corps, had all arrangements well in hand. The location of the tent could hardly have been more satisfactory. A vacant lot between two stores right on Yonge Street, was secured, a little north of Bloor, and every arrangement made for the comfort of attenders. A generous supply of saw dust precludes one from the danger of damp flooring, two beautiful electric light globes hang overhead, and good seating arrangements, mostly chairs with backs, are provided. The platform is also furnished with a piano, which was manipulated by Ensign DeBow during the opening services.

The Commissioner was assisted by the Territorial Staff Band; Saturday night's meeting taking much of the character of a musical festival. Needless to say, the tent was full, and hearty appreciation frequently punctuated their efforts, both vocal and instrumental.

The Commissioner piloted the proceedings in a most happy fashion, making them both profitable and enjoyable. His Bible reading and earnest talk towards the close led up to the Penitent Form, and some six surrenders were recorded, of hitherto sin-bound souls. This was a good foretaste of blessing and promised well for Sunday's engagements.

Magnificent summer weather ushered in these initial efforts of North Toronto's Tent Campaign.

After a fine morning march and open-air in the residential quarter, led by the Staff Band, a nice crowd gathered in the tent for the Holiness meeting. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was in command, and, with the many efficient aides around him, in the person-

alia of the Staff Band, led a helpful service. The Colonel announced a series of two minute addresses from the visiting musicians, and Ensign DeBow, Captain Heberden and Adj. Gillam each struck a suggestive vein of thought. Ensign Sheard, the officer appointed to the temporary command of the corps, was introduced, and received a hearty welcome. His testimony, though brief, had a good ring, and was up to date. The Colonel then drew in the net.

The afternoon meeting found the Commissioner on the bridge. This being Candidates' Sunday, special appeals for life consecration to the high ideals of an Army Officer's vocation, were a main feature of each meeting. Those called upon to speak, alluded briefly to the call and subsequent tests of sacrifice and obedience involved. The Commissioner's Bible reading was also along these lines, based upon Isaiah's experience. One brother (an ex-officer) responded, by offering himself.

Much interest focussed on the night meeting, and although this was announced at an earlier hour than usual, it was very evident that seating room would not be available for all who desired to attend. It is to be feared that quite a number went away, unable even to gain an entrance. The fact is another proof of how desirable a change of location is at times, in view of reaching new people. Much new life and vigor will doubtless be the outcome to Yorkville corps, apart from the inspiration to the soldiery themselves.

Adjutant McHarg, of the U.S.A., led in prayer, Adjutant Wheatley, one of the Commissioner's old Officers, now engaged on the International Emigration Staff, recalled touching memories of blessing and warning, the Band's selection, "Still Unserved" was doubly impressed by the Commissioner's repeat of the solemn refrain, with pars of truth, edged like arrows of conviction, Ensign Sheard was presented to his new flock and auditory, and the Commissioner's early reading of a striking portion of Scripture, with running comment, was specially directed as the Spirit's message to young people, who ought to be Candidates. A very striking and forceful appeal it was, and the response was thoughtful and deliberate. It affected nine individuals, if heads are counted, but if each of the nine becomes a winner of scores, if not hundreds, the figures may well be multiplied by ninety times nine, and then not nearly state the case!

Taking up the leading thought of a chorus, which had just been sung, the Commissioner threw his whole soul into the final effort for ingathering souls in the salvation net. With impassioned earnestness, he pleaded, warned, persuaded and entreated, throwing aside every barrier of conventionality. While still speaking, he himself, led the first seeker up the aisle to the Mercy Seat. Next to come was a middle aged man from the back, who determinedly pushed his way up with streaming tears. A voluntary

corps of fishers was raised and set to work with unusual alertness. Before anyone could foresee the outcome, the Commissioner asked for a show of hands from the saved present, who had the courage to speak a kind word of encouragement to the undecided around them, and immediately there was a good showing, the Candidates among the number, who leapt to their work with a willingness that left nothing to be desired.

Ten souls were registered as the outcome, ere Officers, soldiers and friends went home rejoicing over the first day's victories on the new ground.

Colonel & Mrs. Kyle Conduct Tent Meetings at Old No. 1.

LISGAR STREET BAND AROUSES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

The Tent Campaign in the West end of the city is now in full swing, and Sunday was a day of much activity. The Lisgar Street Band came up to help their comrades at No. 1, and the whole neighborhood was aroused by the stirring marches and open-air meetings which were held. The result was that hundreds flocked to the meetings, and the tent was well filled all day, and at night it was packed to overflowing.

Colonel and Mrs. Kyle conducted the meetings, assisted by Brigadier Taylor, Staff-Captains Turpin and Cave, Adjutant Stobbs, the Rescue Home Officers, and Captains McPetrick, Layman and Church.

The open-air fighting was a feature of the day's efforts. Six meetings were held on the streets, attracting interested crowds of listeners, and affording the soldiers a fine opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel to hundreds of sinners. The processions along the main thoroughfares must certainly have convinced the people that the Army is a very live concern in this city, and intent upon getting the people to accept Christ as their Master. In the morning meeting the Colonel spoke of the necessity of being holy, and urged his hearers to seek the blessing of a clean heart. One young girl came forward. A bright and happy time was spent in the afternoon, and about twenty dollars was given towards the expenses of the tent.

The evening meeting was of a character that befitted the occasion—solemn, powerful and convincing. Very beautifully the band played "Eternity," and a quartette sang feelingly a song of invitation to backsliders. It had a decided effect, and the attention of the audience was riveted on the words of the speakers who followed.

As the meeting progressed, the spirit of conviction grew intense, as speaker after speaker hurled burning truths into the people's midst. Brigadier Taylor vividly portrayed the state of sinners on the awful judgment Day, and Mrs. Kyle followed it up with a thrilling exhortation to repent.

The Chief Secretary sought to persuade the people to accept Christ. The first to do so was a man, who resolutely pushed his way through the crowd and knelt in the saw-dust, seeking pardon. Three more volunteered shortly afterwards, all making a dash for liberty, as if they feared they would miss their chance if they delayed another moment.

"Is there no woman here wants
Continued on page 11.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

This is a Page of Glorious Tidings.

READ WHAT GOD IS DOING IN THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP AT BLENHEIM.

Two Juniors Find Salvation.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, assisted by Staff-Capt. Hay and Ensign Riley, visited Blenheim on June 6th. An interested crowd listened to the open-air meeting, which was followed by a proper salvation meeting inside. Ensign Riley favored us with some excellent music, while Staff-Capt. Hay did his part in making everyone present look happy. The Colonel's talk was listened to with rapt attention, and as a result of the meeting two juniors sought and found salvation. We are believing for greater things in this part of the battlefield. Some have asked us to pray for them. Prayer and faith will bring the victory.—E. Harris, Captain.

Four Souls at Mercy Seat.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp has just been to Ridgeway for the first time, accompanied by Ensign Riley and Staff-Captain Hay.

The meeting, which was held in the Town Hall, was very well attended, considering the wet weather. The music and singing by the Ensign was very much appreciated, also the Colonel's talk; and at the close four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.—Sergt.-Major Mrs. Poag.

Windsor Band Assists—Thirteen Seek God.

The 21st Anniversary Services at Learnington were conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, assisted by Staff-Capt. Hay and Ensign Riley. The Windsor brass band was present and discoursed sweet music, and the town hall was filled three times by interested audiences. The addresses of the Colonel were very powerful and effective, and thirteen souls came to the mercy seat. A big banquet was held on Monday, to which the officers from the surrounding corps came in. It proved a great success. The people responded liberally to the appeal for money, and over \$100 was raised during the three days.—J. A.

ENTERPRISING BANDSMEN.

A glorious week-end at Dovercourt. Adj. Thompson gave us a beautiful reading on holiness in the morning, and God came very near to us. An enrolment took place in the afternoon, when eight bright soldiers were added to the roll. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller led on at night, and many were convicted of sin. The band has started "Popular Thursday Night" meetings, two bandsmen being responsible for each meeting. They have been running for three weeks now, and are a great success.—Corps Correspondent.

Captain Taylor was at Halifax N. on Sunday, and three souls knelt at the Cross. On Saturday night the Rev. Mr. Jeners read the lesson and one girl sought the Saviour.—War Cor. Miller.

PROGRESS IN ALASKA.

Successful Re-Opening of Haines.

God is blessing our work at Douglas, Alaska. Five more soldiers have been added to the corps, and two more are awaiting their turn to be enrolled.

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Betts, Sergt. and Mrs. Paul and a soldier went up to Haines recently to re-open the work. Two weeks later, Captain and Mrs. Quick joined them. God gave them a great victory, and forty souls were converted. Three Sergeants were appointed to take charge of the converts, viz., Sergt. and Mrs. Benson and Jerry Rusk.—Capt. Quick.

TWO HOURS AT MERCY SEAT.

Deep Conviction Lays Hold of Sinners.

We have welcomed Captain Jones at Toronto Junction. In the Holiness Meeting one soul came out for the blessing. A good free-and-easy resulted in two souls seeking salvation. One knelt at the penitent form for two hours, but at length got gloriously delivered, and spoke in the meeting at night. Two more came to Christ at night, and seven young people determined to become Candidates for the Work.—Sergt. Pellatt, for Capt. Jones.

THEY INSPIRED THEIR SOLDIERS.

Thirty Added To the Roll.

We have just said farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Coy at Belleville. Their stay of eight months has been blessed by God. A number have been saved and thirty new soldiers added to the roll. They have worked hard for the salvation of souls and done their utmost to build up a good corps. They also inspired their soldiers to go on to victory.

Good crowds attended the week-end meetings and the sum of \$25.00 was given in the collections.—Soldier.

THE POWER OF TESTIMONY.

Bonavista.—On Sunday we were able to announce the result of our Self-Denial Effort as a complete victory. We feel that it has been spiritually as well as financially, a blessing. On Sunday night the Spirit of God was working powerfully amongst us and during the progress of the testimony meeting, five souls came out for salvation. On the previous Thursday night, a special meeting was held at the barracks, when Captain Ebsary dedicated the little daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Oxford, Bertha Virtue May, to God and the Salvation Army. We trust that He will bless and make her a blessing all her days.—E. Walsh.

We have had six converts at North Bay since our last report and all are taking their stand well. The S.D. Target is smashed.—A. L. Jones, for Captain Walker.

MAJOR PHILLIPS VISITS THEM.

They Enjoy His Talks.

We were delighted to have Major and Mrs. Phillips with us at Amherst on Sunday. In the Holiness meeting the Major spoke on the foundation of our salvation, and in the afternoon he gave us a talk on "Seasons of the Soul."

A dedication and enrolment took place at night and the Major spoke on "Man's Answer to God."—L.

WHAT MADE HIM HAPPY.

Full Salvation of Course.

The meetings at Galt have been full of power and blessing this week-end. At knee-drill a very unhappy brother came to the Mercy Seat and proved that the power of God was able to save. His testimony afterwards, was that he had not been so happy for two years. At the close of the evening meeting two convicted sinners remained in the hall. We started another meeting especially for their sakes and they both made their peace with God.—Maurice Mitchell.

SOULS ARE YIELDING.

We have welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Coy to Kingston, and since their arrival, five souls have sought salvation and thirteen the blessing of holiness. Adjutant Sims has farewelled and gone on rest. We had a splendid time last night; conviction came upon the people and one soul yielded. We finished up with a red-hot prayer meeting.—Sergt. Parker.

MANY VISITING CAPTAINS.

Captain Ash visited Sussex on June 1st, and gave a touching lantern service. The barracks was well filled and a good collection was taken. Captain Woodhouse assisted and stayed over Sunday. On Monday Captain and Mrs. Smith were with us, and two souls came to Christ. On Tuesday we had a musical service entitled, "The Wreck of the Larchmont." Captains Thistle and Dalzell rendered good service with their instruments.—F. W. Wallace.

A POOR OLD DRUNK.

Brigadier Burdett was at Port Arthur on May 25th; whilst he was preaching a poor old drunk came to the front and promised to lead a better life. Ensign Charlton and Lieut. McFadden are doing well.—Corps. Cor.

NEW LOCAL OFFICERS.

Three sinners surrendered to God on Sunday night at Lindsay. Brother Reeder is appointed Secretary and Mrs. Reeder War Cry Boomer, while Sister Davis is to be the J. S. Secretary.

Five souls came to Christ on Sunday last at Woodstock, N.B. Major Phillips was with us and his presence cheered our hearts. It was his first visit to our new Citadel and we had the meetings well advertised. We had a good day to our souls, and 25 came to knee-drill. His earnest appeal to the sinners at night brought conviction to many. Ensign Martin and Captain Porter are meeting with good success here.—J. N.

A BATCH OF SPECIALS.

A Hallelujah Wedding—Great Rejoicings.

We have had great doings at St. Catharines this week-end. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp were with us; also Staff-Capt. Cave, Ensign Riley, Capt. Ritchie, and Adj. and Mrs. McClelland, from Uniontown, Penn. We had a grand free-and-easy on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning two souls came forward for cleansing. In the afternoon we held our first meeting of the season in the park. We had a good crowd, and they listened splendidly. A large audience greeted the Colonel at the evening meeting, and deep conviction prevailed. One man came to the mercy seat.

On Monday night a great hallelujah wedding took place, when Miss Mary Malpas was married to Bandsman Alder. A splendid musical program was given before the ceremony. Capt. Payne acted as bridesmaid, and Lieut. Price was groomsmen. Some excellent advice was given the newly-married couple by Staff-Captain McLean.—Chas. M. Daker.

PLAYS FIDDLE FOR JESUS.

The Best Week of His Life.

During the last two weeks we have had the joy of seeing four souls crying to God at Stellarton. One convert used to play the violin at dances, but he now plays Salvation tunes. He said in his testimony on Sunday that it was the best week of his life. Under Captain McKim and Lieut. Buller we are in for victory. Captain McLeod, one of our late officers, has been very sick, but we are glad to say is getting better.—Treasurer.

THE LORD WAS WITH HER.

Mrs. Brigadier Smeeton conducted the meetings at Vancouver I. on Sunday, both in the barracks and at the City Hall. The Lord was with her, giving her freedom and power, and making her a blessing and inspiration. Her appeal to sinners at night touched the hearts of many, resulting in three seeking and finding salvation.

Captain Bryant, who has been assisting in the Rescue Work here for about two years, has farewelled and gone to Toronto. Our prayers and good wishes go with her.—H.N.M.N.

THEY LOVE THEIR OFFICERS.

We were glad to be able to accompany Ensign and Mrs. Burton to the station to say good-bye as they left Smith's Falls. Before they went we all had our photo taken in front of the Rideau Hotel. Many were moved to tears as the train moved out, for our officers had endeared themselves to all. Two of our dear comrades accompanied them as far as Irish Creek.

We rejoiced later to welcome Capt. Magwood and Lieut. Moore. A good crowd was present at their first meeting. On Sunday two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. The hall was packed at night.—Wm. Gilbert.

We are having victory at Odessa. Nine comrades have been enrolled under the flag to fight for Jesus.—Captain M. Davis.

Headquarters Notes

(Continued from page 8.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall are in charge of the Salvation ship "Vancouver," assisted by Staff-Captain Jennings and Ensign Tudge. With these Canadian Salvationists at the helm, assisted by Brigadier Williams and Adjutant Narraway, we may look for reports of wonderful times. God speed the good ship, and send thousands of others to this land of plenty. The Vancouver is expected on or about June 20th.

Will everybody who reads these notes give praise to God for His journeying mercies? Just think of the thousands of Salvationists that are always traveling, and how graciously God has been with them. Think of our dear General, and all his journeyings, and the mercy of God towards him. We often pray for him and for our comrades everywhere. Let us do a little praising.

The first week in September should see Major Cameron, of the International Training Home Staff in our midst, while any day now Staff-Capt. Walton, wife and family, from Demerara, may be welcomed. May the Lord bring these dear comrades to us full of the Holy Ghost.

The T. H. Q. Staff Band had a splendid week-end at the Yorkville tent with the Commissioner. Their playing, singing and praying was much used of God. The Commissioner himself seemed much at home, while the spirit which pervaded the whole series of meetings was intensely spiritual, and the results very good. Speaking of the band, I understand great are the expectations in their coming tour to Quebec and back. They are to don their Staff Band uniforms, which the Trade Department have striven hard to get ready on time, for which the band are grateful.

Speaking of uniforms, this reminds me that the Tailoring Department is full handed just now, and Mr. V. Collier and his staff are putting in many hours overtime. It is said band uniforms are responsible for a good deal of this. May the men who wear them ever be a credit to that uniform! God increase our bands in number and Holy Ghost power!

BOMBARDING ST. MARY'S.

Our soldiers at Stratford fought hard and well during the absence of the brass band on Sunday, which had gone to bombard the town of St. Mary's. The morning and evening meetings were conducted by Acting J. S.-M. E. Church and Brother Jeffrey. In the afternoon Brother Charles Napier led on. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing, and Brother Church spoke on God's love being perfected in us. Brother Jeffrey took for his theme the old story of the Prodigal Son.—E. C.

A SUNDAY SONG SERVICE.

Our songsters at Fernie gave a special service on May 26th, entitled, "In Danger's Hour," which was based on the Larchmont disaster. One sister came to Christ at the evening service on Sunday. Our recent convert has returned from the coast and still testifies to God's keeping power.—Corps Com. for Ensign Pickle and Captain Cook.

The Men's Social Secretary

At the Central Prison and St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fraser, conducted the service on Sunday afternoon at the above-mentioned Institution. Many War Cry readers have but little idea of the hold and influence the Army has upon the criminal class, and those engaged in the work are much encouraged by the knowledge that every year numbers of them are permanently helped and saved.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Fraser earnestly and tenderly pleaded with the three hundred prisoners present to wind up their life of sin. After the Colonel had sung "In the shadow of His wing," he made a red-hot appeal to the unconverted. A divine influence fell upon the meeting. God's Spirit was mightily working, which resulted in fifty men asking prayer for guidance and help. To God be all the glory.

The Warden said his officers, as well as the prisoners, themselves, appreciate the Army efforts in the prison, and none are more welcome.

In company with Staff-Captain Moore, who is responsible for Prison affairs in Montreal, the Colonel visited the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary on his way to Quebec, and had some most interesting interviews with a number of convicts, whose early discharge is anticipated. Arrangements are being made for them, and an opportunity given them of getting an honest livelihood, and thus have a fresh start in life.

THE FIRST MARCH IN SILVER CITY.

Earnest and Willing Converts.

Under the leadership of Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson, the work of God is going forward in Cobalt. Since the opening of the corps on April 12th, twenty-one souls have sought salvation, and four the blessing of sanctification. Captain Layman was with us for a week-end, and two souls sought and found salvation. The finances amounted to upwards of fifty-four dollars. The open-air crowds were splendid, and the messages of God, given through our comrades, were eagerly listened to. On the afternoon of June 2nd, our officers led the first march of Salvationists ever seen in Cobalt. Sixteen comrades turned out and marched under the blood-and-fire flag.

One splendid feature of the work here is that all the converts seem eager to testify, both in the inside and open-air meetings. For real earnestness and willingness to stand by their leaders, and help them to the best of their ability, they are an example to all.—Visitor.

PUTTING IN A NEW FOUNDATION.

Captain Ash was at Hillsboro on Friday with his lantern service. A large audience was present and enjoyed the service very much, also the concertina playing of the Captain.

We are busy at present, putting a new foundation under the barracks. The people here are interested in the Army, and love to see our work advance.—F.C.B., for Capt Clark.

Six souls knelt at the Mercy Seat at Cornwall on Sunday night. Brother Miller has said good-bye for a time.—C.C.

The Staff Band at Peterboro.

A Corps and the Staff Band Fraternize.

A most magnificent reception was accorded the Territorial Staff Band on the occasion of its visit to Peterboro. The splendid corps band, under Bandmaster Green, met the Staff Band at the station, and escorted the Headquarters boys to the hall, the procession through the streets being accompanied by throngs of people.

The musical festival proved a decided success. The barracks was packed to its utmost capacity with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

His Worship the Mayor presided, and paid glowing tributes to the General, the Army, and the fine programme rendered. After the festival the Staff Band was entertained to an elaborate banquet by the Peterboro Band, and afterwards escorted by torchlight to the station.

A hearty invitation for a week-end was extended to the Band by Adj. Wiggins.—Staff-Capt. Arnold.

Newsy Notes from Montreal.

A Quick Run All Over the City.—Inspecting Five Corps and a Shelter.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. McAnmoud are pushing ahead at No. 1. A lecture was given by Mrs. Brigadier Hargraves this week entitled, "The Romantic Life of the Crowned Martyr."

At No. 11, Adjutant Allen and his wife are jubilant over the prospects at their corps. A new building scheme looms on the horizon, and Staff-Capt. Miller was here recently taking stock of the old plant. They have a splendid brass band here, with which the No. 1. band united, on the occasion of Brigadier Boud's visit.

The French corps No. 111. has just got into a new hall, and Adjutant Cabrit has added one new soldier to the roll, in the person of Adjutant Thompson, recently appointed to Headquarters, in connection with Immigration work. The French War Cry, "En Avant," is a welcome visitor to many homes in the neighborhood.

At No. 14, the open-air fighting is a specialty, and both French and English crowds listened attentively to the testimonies.

No. 15 is at present being led on by Ensign Bristow, from P.H.Q., assisted by Lieutenant Spinks, while Captain Forbes of the Financial staff has been enlisted as Treasurer.

Ensign Taylor and Lieut. Fisher are doing splendid work at the Women's Shelter. It is full up all the time. They had a sale of work at the No. 1. Citadel last week, which was very successful.—"Bonjour."

The Summer Campaign.

(Continued from page 9.)

Christ?" shouted Captain McPetrick, and in response to the query, a young woman came rushing up the aisle and knelt sobbing at a chair. Another one quickly followed her and the glorious sight of six penitents, made the people of God rejoice. A call for Candidates was given by the Colonel, and six young people arose and came forward to offer themselves for the work of the Army. So, amidst general thanksgiving and rejoicing the meeting closed.

Brigadier Turner's Week-End at Truro.

He Unveils Some Splendid Decorations—Occupies Church Pulpit and Leads Salvation Campaign.

Brigadier Turner was with us at Truro for the week-end, and we had a great time. At 8 p.m. on Saturday the Brigadier unveiled the decorations at the west end of the building just completed by Mr. A. Andrews, of Newcastle, England. The perfect coloring and setting of the whole



Dr. Black, M. P.

Who Presided at Brigadier Turner's Meeting at Windsor.

work has a very rich effect, and proves the artist, who has had a wide experience in ecclesiastical decorations, to be a man of perfect style and taste. This beautiful work was done gratuitously, and when unveiled, evoked vociferous applause.

The Brigadier then explained to us some of the mysteries of psychology in his lecture, "Mental Gymnastics."

On Sunday morning he occupied the pulpit of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, assisted by Captain Cavender, who sang with much effect, "The Pearly Gates and Golden."

In the afternoon the Brigadier gave his lecture on "The Salvation Army and Its Work." The chair was taken by S. D. McLellan, Esq., supported by W. D. McCallum, Esq., J. C. B. Oliver, Esq., G. O. Fulton, Esq., and others. The Brigadier has had a wide experience in all phases of Salvation Army work, which enables him to treat this important and inexhaustible subject in the way it deserves, as he did on Sunday. During the afternoon two solos were beautifully rendered by Misses Peterson and Good.

The Salvation Campaign in the evening was led by the Brigadier, who spoke on the "Broad and Narrow Way," the large audience listening with rapt attention. The prayer meeting was closed with prayer by Pro-Lieut. Wilson, and thus ended a glorious day of rich spiritual blessing, with two souls seeking pardon.—C. S., for Capt. Cavender.

SPECIAL TIME AT WINDSOR.

We have had soul-stirring times at Windsor, N.S. Brigadier Turner and Captain Cavender were with us for the week-end, and the special meetings were much enjoyed by all. The Brigadier gave a lecture on Sunday afternoon, at which, Dr. Black, M.P., presided and a number of prominent people occupied the platform. The town band kindly consented to furnish music for both our indoor and outside meetings.

What is Seen at the Bottom of the Sea.



A Victim of the Sea.

THE immense tract of sea which takes up seven-tenths of our globe, hides from our view marvellous sights and untold wealth. In the calm depths of the ocean, beings of the most peculiar forms and habits and most changing colors live and die. The ooze, and incredible heap of microscopic shells, extends over veins of all the precious minerals, covers, as with a white mantle of snow, the ruins of flourishing cities, swallowed up long ago in the cataclysms, and serves as the winding sheet of the fabulous treasures, which centuries of wrecks have accumulated under the waves; vestiges of ancient triremes, Spanish caravels, loaded with the gold of the Incas, mighty trans-Atlantic steamers, all come together in the abyss, victims of merciless fate.

On going down into the sea, the diver soon enters a kind of twilight, which envelopes him like a thick mist. The sky and the clouds which may be seen at the beginning of the dive, soon fade and disappear. The sun alone, remains visible to a great depth, like a small, reddish disc, through the green and blue films of water.

Life in the Depths.

An inexperienced observer, having descended to marine ground, might believe that the life there is comprised in the fish that pass rapidly before the windows of his helmet, and the crustaceans that escape from under his feet; but he who stops and looks closely is astounded by the number and diversity of the creatures that hide under every stone, and swarm on the rocks or among the grasses.

In holes at the entrances of the little caves, whose walls are adorned with acorn shells or carpeted with the innumerable calcareous circuits of the marine worms, the Maya crabs, on their long, slender legs are on the watch. These hideous sea spiders, as they are commonly called, with their strong claws and their angular bodies bristling all over, have such a threat-

ening appearance, in front of their gloomy hiding places, that one hardly dares to secure one, if not through fear, at least from dislike. It is no rare thing to see moving at the foot of the rocks, between their crevices, or among the great blocks that have fallen, the long white arms of another animal, still better armed.

The Octopus.

Let us come nearer and examine it; a body in the form of an ovoid bag, of a reddish color, with silver reflections, arms, eight in number, provided with a double row of suckers, and writhing like serpents, round a mouth adorned with a parrot's beak; it is the Octopus, rendered so famous by Victor Hugo, and by the Scandinavian legends.

If one tries to seize the vicious body of this apocalyptic mollusc, it immediately fits all its suckers to the rock in the form of cups, and adheres to it so strongly that one could tear it sooner than unfasten it; all this time, it manifests its anger by no uncertain signs; its little eyes, with their oblong pupils, shine with an unaccustomed brilliancy, its members instantly become covered with large brown patches, and through a fleshy duct, it squirts an opaque cloud of sepia, which hides it from view. Leave it, and it then hastily makes its escape; swimming backwards by the successive movements of its bag, which contracts and expands by turns.

Stretched out upon the stones, or concealed in the sand, lie Cuttle fish, another mollusc of the same kind; woe betide the small crab that passes near them; two long white cords, ending in a palette bristling with suckers, fall upon him and in spite of his desperate efforts, catch him up and drag him to the eight tentacles of the head, which close like a hand on their prey and hold it firmly in front of the beak, which tears it.

The most striking thing about the Cuttle fish is the expression of its glance. Its two large, round, dull and glassy eyes, present an aspect quite out of the common, and indefinable.

Submarine Meadows.

One sees the Herbivora grazing in herds on the grass of the submarine meadows, the carnivora chase and struggle without mercy; the strong devour the weak, whom they pursue, attracting them by stratagem, or lying in wait when they pass. Certain of them dig in the sand in search of worms, and many feed on the detritus and the

flesh of dead things, and with the crustaceans, become useful cleansers of the sea-bed.

Fish cannot, any more than other beings, remain continually in motion, and from time to time feel the necessity of renewing their force by sleep. One often happens to see, in some hollow, concealed under the sea-weed, a fish, lying on its back or side, in such a careless attitude that one believes it to be ill or lifeless; but as soon as one approaches it with one's hand, it immediately recovers its senses, and the rapidity of its flight shows that it was only sleeping.

By the side of the pleasant spectacles of marine fauna and flora there are others, sad and melancholy, which fling their discordant note into the midst of this concert of life.

Evidences of Treachery.

One has not to walk long on the bottom of the sea before meeting with objects recalling the things of the surface, and the treachery of these billows, so calm in appearance. Now it is a long chain trailing across the sea-weed, now an anchor or propeller, half-buried in slime, a chest, a barrel, a piece of mast or rigging. Covered with a layer of plants or molluscs, these wrecks have taken the general color of the surrounding soil, and only their forms reveal them. But sometimes a great dark wall all at once becomes visible through the transparent mass, and soon one distinguishes in it the tall hull of a shipwrecked vessel.

If the sinking of the vessel has been sudden, if it is of recent date, if some large breach enables on at the same moment, with the luminous rays of the submarine lamp, to peer in the side of the ill-fated vessel, one often recoils in horror from the scenes which await one—lamentable scenes, over which one can only draw a veil.

House on Fire.

Captain and the Dog.

Captain Jonas, of South Africa, had an exciting experience shortly before leaving Vrededorp. While on his way to visit a child who was dying, he saw that a house he was passing was on fire. He lost no time in knocking at the door, and—as no response followed,—quickly burst it open, groped his way upstairs in the dark and smoke, and felt all the beds to make sure there was no one therein. Meanwhile the flames had made so much headway that when he was going out the ceiling fell in upon



The Marine Flora Seen in its Element, is not Lacking in Ornamental Beauty.

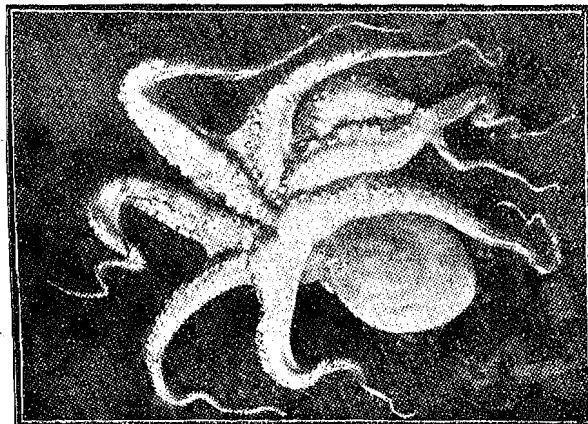
him. Providentially he escaped with nothing more serious than a considerably damaged nose. It was afterwards ascertained that the people were all out, and when they returned it was to find their dwelling burnt to the ground. The Captain's unceremonious entry was, we understand, at first resented in a characteristically forceful fashion by the dog that was "keeping house," though the poor creature would no doubt have been burnt to death but for his timely arrival.

The Hen and the Cyclists.

The following is a curious case and of interest to cyclists:—

A hen scratching worms at the side of a public road was frightened by a dog and flew across the highway into the spokes of a bicycle on which a young man was taking a holiday spin. The bicyclist was thrown on his head and badly hurt. The machine was ruined. The bicyclist sued the owner of the hen for damages.

In the County Court the Judge found for the defendant, holding, that in order for the plaintiff to recover, he must show either that it is the usual habit for hens to fly into the spokes of bicycles, or that the hen in question had acquired that habit. There was



A Monster of the Deep.

no evidence of either sort, and therefore, it could not be alleged that the owner of the hen should have kept her chained or locked up in order to prevent the hen from interfering with the sports of bicyclists.

The plaintiff, not satisfied with this decision, carried the case to the Divisional Court, but the two learned Judges of that Court sustained the County Court Judge, so, as the law stands to-day, he who rides a wheel on English highways is pretty much at the mercy of the highway hen.

An Old-Time Hero.

When Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary, came home from his life work in India, at a crowded meeting, held in Edinburgh, he spoke two hours and a half. Then he fainted, and was carried out of the hall. Presently he came to and said, "Take me back; I must finish my speech."

"You will kill yourself if you do," said his friends.

"I shall die if I don't," exclaimed the old man.

They took him back. The whole meeting rose, many in tears. His strength failed and he could not rise, but gathering himself up for one final effort, he said, "Fathers of Scotland, have you any more sons for India? I have spent my life there, and my life is gone; but if there are no more young men to go, I will go back myself, and lay my bones there, that the people may know there is a man in Christian Britain ready to die for India."—Exchange.

Our Weekly News Letter.

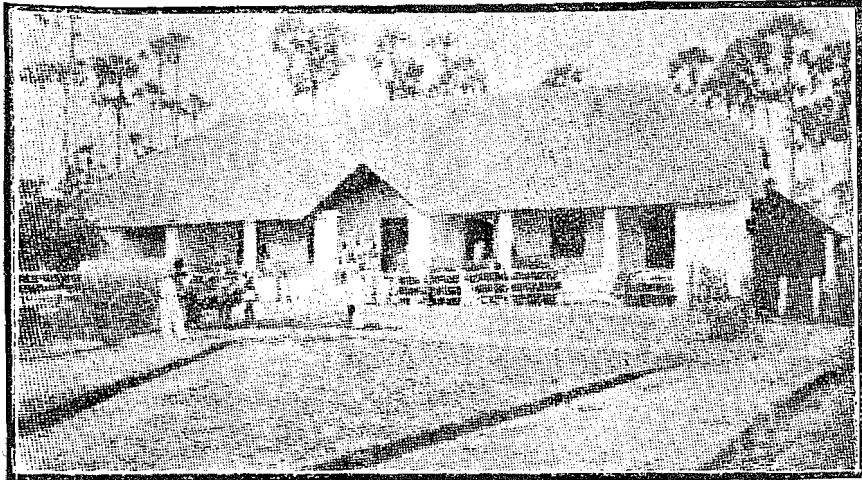
UNITED KINGDOM.

Arrangements are well advanced for the General's fourth Motor Campaign. The four Sundays between July 15th and August 17th are to be spent at Hull, Blackburn, Carnarven and Cardiff.

The Chief of the Staff is this week holding important Councils for Field Officers at Leeds. On Sunday he conducts Y. P. Councils at Manchester,

arrangements in this respect. At Stockholm two boats were chartered. The Vaxholm Mission Church was placed at the Army's disposal for the morning and afternoon. The meetings were of a crowded and enthusiastic character, and the musical festival in the afternoon was a great success.

The State Church at Kristienham was recently used for a musical festival, given by three Swedish National



The Emery Hospital in India.

and during three days of next week, will be meeting another big batch of Field Officers at Clapton.

Mrs. Booth has just opened a splendid Rescue Home at Scarborough. The Mayor presided, and highly eulogized the work of the Army.

The Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Booth-Tucker are announced to conduct the Annual Congresses at Stockholm and Christiania during July. The Danish Congress will be led by Commissioner Oliphant and Acting-Commissioner Sowton.

Colonel Brengle, who has just completed a very successful campaign in Norway, is returning to England during the week, and will leave for New York on Saturday.

Lieut.-Colonel Mary Tait has been selected by the Chief of the Staff to conduct a six months' campaign in Japan. During her absence from England, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Kitching will undertake her work as Young People's Counsellor.

SWEDEN.

It has been customary in Sweden to start the summer campaign at Whitsuntide, with meetings in the forests and parks and sea excursions. This year, however, the inclement weather sadly interfered with the ar-



Judge McCune, Chairman at Commander's Meeting in Kansas City.

Staff Band. The Church authorities are becoming more and more sympathetic towards the Army.

SWITZERLAND.

Colonel Fornachon, the Chief Secretary reports that a great impression has been made by the recent visit of the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and Commissioner Hay to the Territory. The Colonel also writes that a splendid work was accomplished by the International Staff Band, and that their playing is still the theme of conversation by many of the people.

Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan have just opened a larger Rescue Home at Vevey, which promises to serve a very useful purpose in the district. The opening ceremony was of an interesting character, and a number of prominent residents attended.

The Commissioner recently led a special meeting with cinematograph in the Witzwil Penitentiary, situated in the Canton of Berne, by special invitation of the Directors. All the convicts attended and were evidently much interested. This is the first meeting of the kind ever held in a Swiss prison.

A slum post at Geneva has just been opened and is now working regularly and satisfactorily. The well-to-do folk of Geneva have welcomed this new departure very heartily.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, who has been on a visit to Cape Town, reports encouragingly on the Army's work in Mashonaland. With regard to the new Settlement at Cherapananga, the Colonel was able to confirm all that has been previously said about the success which is being met with at this centre. There are five kraals in the immediate vicinity, and many more within a radius of five or six miles, so that the Officers have an opportunity to reach and influence for God and righteousness, a large number of people. The attendance of children at the day school averages between fifty and sixty, and has been on occasion, as many as sixty-five. Some converts have already been made, and the Colonel anticipates that the foundation teaching which has been

implanted diligently since the commencement of operations, will result in much larger number of the inhabitants becoming out-and-out Christians at an early date.

During his stay in Cape Town, Lieut.-Colonel Johnston obtained sanction to the establishment of work at another centre midway between Cherapananga and the Pearson Settlement. This is named Mazoe, and is in a mining place of some little importance. Attention will be given to the Natives who work at the mines, as well as to many villages which are to be found in the vicinity. Quarters will be erected at once, and the Colonel and family are removing thither to superintend the opening and direct pioneer operations. It is the plan to eventually establish the Provincial Headquarters in Salisbury and appoint other officers to the Settlement.

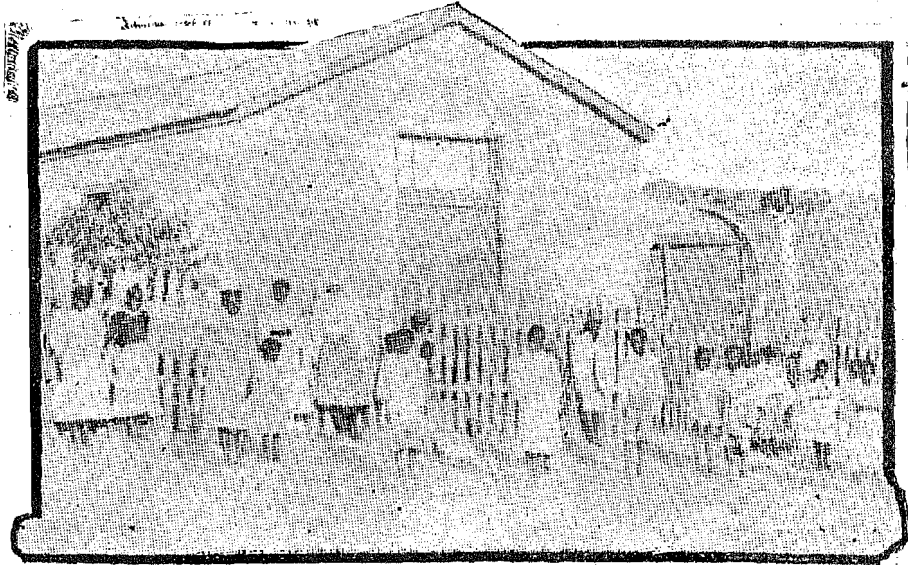
The Pearson Settlement is doing well. The converts of the old days remain with us, and are improving in every way as soldiers and Locals, as well as, in many cases, in their temporal circumstances.

The farm itself is also prospering, and the stock thereon has now reached to numbers, which, by natural increase, may be expected to multiply into flocks and herds of considerable size. There are already twenty-two head of cattle, twenty donkeys, seventy-four sheep and forty-five goats on the place. From this branch it is expected considerable financial assistance will be secured for the carrying on of the work.

AUSTRIA.

An interesting story attaches to the starting of Army work in Austria a few weeks ago.

A man who went to South Africa from Austria at the time of the Boer war, was converted in an Army meeting. When he returned to his native



Native Children at One of Our Schools in South Africa.

town of Gablonze, in Austria, almost on the borders of Germany, our comrade immediately began to agitate, with a view to starting an Army corps there. He also did a good deal of work on his own account, and visited and interested the people.

As we had not yet started our work in Austria, there were many hindrances in the way, but at last the Austrian Salvationist prevailed on Commissioner Oliphant to take a building.

The day before the Army opened in Gablonz the man died! German officers were, however, sent in, and are now doing very well in the town, where a good number of souls have already been converted, notwithstanding the fact that in order to get a congregation our officers have to invite the people by ticket.

city's welcome to "the modern Joan of Arc."

While at Des Moines, Governor Cummins cried, "To your feet! It is my urgent request that you receive our distinguished guest as though she were a queen, which she is!"

As the Governor took the Commander by the hand and presented her to the Des Moines, 3,000 rose en masse, and their welcome was indeed royal.

A ship off the coast of Tunis, suspected of having contraband aboard, and closely watched by coast-guard men, was blown up by her captain. Not only the whole crew were destroyed, but several men in small boats round about her, seventy men in all. Who the vessel was, or where from has not been discovered.



An Austrian Peasant.

UNITED STATES.

It is practically settled that the General will visit America in the Fall of the year. The tour, which will extend to about two months, will probably commence in the latter part of September and conclude early in November. The preliminary arrangements are now on the way, and halls are being secured in the various cities to be visited.

At Kansas City the Commander had a great time. Judge McCune, who, as Magistrate of the Juvenile Court, has had cause to appreciate the need for such work as ours, voiced the

OUR SERIAL STORY.

The Romance of Jack and Jill.

A TYPICAL CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

PART IX.

BEHIND PRISON BARS.



summer bloom.

All nature seemed to join the happy, singing birds in a carol of praise to the Creator of every good and perfect gift.

Within, how different the scene! Grey and sombre, though spotlessly clean. Silent and cold were the prison corridors, the clink of the ponderous iron gates sounding gloomily through them as they swung to behind the turnkey.

Major and Mrs. Thomas followed their guide through the prison yard and away up the spiral iron stairs to the chapel, where they were to conduct a service with the men. As they took their places on the platform four hundred eager forms pressed forward in expectant interest. It was a strange sea of faces that met the sympathetic gaze of the visitors. There was manhood of all ages. There were boys and young men, bright, alert, capable, some of them, and others whose general appearance denoted lack of force. There were older men, some in strong middle life. There were pitiable examples of old age, too, men grey-haired and furrowed with line of sin and sorrow running deep through their hard faces. The larger number, though, were boys and youth who, through strong drink and evil associates had early fallen a prey to the enemy. There they sat, row upon row, with the stalwart blue-coated guards watching every movement intently.

Major Thomas talked kindly, earnestly, faithfully and hopefully to them. They listened with deep attention to all his advice. Then he asked Mrs. Thomas to sing. Softly touching the guitar she held she began: "To heal the broken heart He came to free the captive from his chain."

Breathless silence fell upon the audience of upturned faces. "Oh, my brothers," she pleaded after her solo, "I wish I could say some little word to help you."

"I am sure many of you are feeling very disappointed to-day. No doubt you mean to live a useful, good life. But

you have failed. You have found now that the power of your own good resolutions cannot keep you from temptation. That your own wills are not strong enough to enable you to overcome. You are sad to-day! Oh, so sad! Some of the boys here have broken your mothers' hearts, and there is a vacant chair in your home circle to-day. But Jesus will help you! He can take your poor despoiled life and make it new.

"Oh take courage and begin life again!"

Much more Mrs. Thomas said, and while she talked curiosity and indifference vanished from the faces before her. Interest began to light up many eyes, and before she closed her pathetic appeal many a rough prison jacket sleeve was furtively lifted to wipe away the sudden tears.

All had apparently drunk in the words of truth as a refreshing life-giving beverage. After shaking hands with a few, Major and Mrs. Thomas left the prison and the men filed back to the solitude of their lonely cells.

There was one head that after the first glance had never been lifted, and a few days afterwards Mrs. Thomas received a letter which explained its drooping:—

Cell No.—Gallery No.—

"My dear Mrs. Thomas, or, I was going to say, Captain Dickson, for I recognized you as soon as you entered the prison chapel last Sunday afternoon. You did not see me, for as soon as I knew who the speakers were I hid my face, for I was covered with shame and confusion. Oh, Captain, please pardon me telling you that—oh, that I dare have looked into your face. But I could not. Though it is two years since you saw me you would, I feared, have known the young man you talked to at the camp meeting at St. Mary's Point. What a life of shame I have lived since then. I cannot tell you the whole dreadful story, but it was all through the drink. And then I was miserable. I knew I was foolish, but those fellows had a great fascination for me. I was not man enough to give them up. And oh Mrs. Thomas, I drank—yes, more and more. I left the farm. It was too slow for me. And one night in a saloon I was beastly drunk; there was a row; the next thing I knew I awoke in the lock-up, and they say I stole a watch from a man! I don't know! If I did I do not



The Police Officer Found It in My Inside Pocket.

remember. In fact, I do not remember anything about it. The police officer found it in my inside pocket, and I was sent down for four months for disorderly conduct and theft. I feel ashamed to write you this. My poor mother's heart is broken, and they say my father never looks up. I wrote mother the other day and asked her to try and forget where I am and only remember that I am just the same at heart, her loving boy. I feel it has all come to me because I rejected Christ when His Spirit strove with me at the camp meeting, and earlier on up the river.

"But dear Captain—excuse me—dear Mrs. Thomas, your prayers for me then and the prayers of my dear parents

are answered at last. I have come by many a rough road, but I believe my Saviour has forgiven me for all the sinful, black past.

"I went from the chapel last Sunday, and, down by my cot in the loneliness of my cell, I prayed what Major Thomas and you said was true, and I believe, I am a Christian. I have written to my parents, and I will now try and retrieve the past by living an upright, honorable life. I thank you for all your interest and help.

"Please pray that I may now be a true Christian soldier of the Cross.

"Yours in deepest humility and shame.

"JACK McLEOD."



SMART, well-dressed young man sat in the gallery of one of our Salvation Halls, whilst a meeting was in progress.

"I'll speak to that swell," was the thought of a Lieutenant, who was on the look-out for souls, and so when the prayer meeting began he made his way to the gallery and got down alongside his quarry.

The theme that morning had been holiness, and so, thinking that the mind of the young man would be turning over what had been said, the Lieutenant asked, "Are you a sanctified soul, my brother?"

"Most certainly I am," was the somewhat dignified reply, in a tone that gave one to understand that he considered it a great impertinence for anyone to put such a direct question to him.

The Lieutenant did not stay to argue, but with a "God bless you," he turned away and sought for another pool to fish in.

Now, the young man, with the fashionable clothes, gold ring and silver-mounted walking cane was as

If Baal be God, Serve Him?

How a Gay Worldling Came to the Parting of the Ways, and Gave Up a False Profession for a True Service.

gay a worldling as he could be. He lived for pleasure, and the race course, theatre, and gambling saloon were his favorite resorts. In his coat-tail pocket was a little silver case, filled with Ogden's Guinea Gold Cigarettes, and, when he got outside the meeting, he drew one out and lighted it with a waxed vesta, which he produced from a silver match-box.

As the flame caught the tobacco and a cloud of smoke arose, the words, "Are you a sanctified soul?" sounded in his ears.

"Oh, pshaw! what's the matter with me this morning?" he exclaimed, impatiently. Then he thought over the good deeds he supposed were laid up to his credit. He went to church—occasionally, he didn't drink to excess, he was fairly good to his mother and he gave away some of his money to good causes. True, he did some things that looked a bit shady for a

professing Christian, but then—there were hundreds like him, and he was no worse than the majority of them. In fact, he thought he was ever so much more to be commended than several he knew, but—"Are you a sanctified soul?"

The question tormented him. He threw away his cigarette—he really felt anxious in his mind. It was a busy street, and the traffic roared all around him, while crowds of people, intent on business or pleasure passed up or down. On the corner he paused, irresolutely, and felt that the time had come in his life to give a definite answer to one of the most important questions anyone had ever asked him. "Are you a sanctified soul?" again sounded out the voice of his conscience.

"Oh, my God, No!" was the answer wrung from the depths of his heart. His guilt and state were admitted,

and as an honest man he owned up to it. The next thing to consider, was, should he remain in a self-condemned state before God and his own conscience. Upon that point hung his destiny and he decided it there and then.

"I will surrender to Thee, my God and follow Thee my Saviour," was his answer to the pleadings of the Spirit.

From that night his life was changed. The gay trappings of the world were laid aside for the plain uniform of the Salvation Soldier, the filthy incense burned to the goddess of Nicotine, was changed to the pure and fragrant incense of prayer to the true God, and the pleasures of the world were abandoned for the true delights of a useful and self-denying servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He offered himself for the work of the Salvation Army shortly afterwards, was accepted, and is now going forward to do his utmost in winning other proud, worldly and make-believe Christians, to a life of active service and real fighting for their Lord.

Promoted to Glory.

Mr. James Andrews, of Tillsonburg.

God has been pleased to promote another of our friends to glory, in the person of Mr. James Andrews. Mr. Andrews was sixty-four years of age, and is survived by a wife and five children.

Mrs. Andrews, who has been a soldier of this corps for many years, and Lieutenant Andrews, of Guelph, has the sympathy of the Corps and many friends in their sad bereavement.

Lieutenant Andrews will be staying home for a short time.—H. M. Lloyd, Captain.

Sister Poole, of Feversham.

God has called Sister Mrs. Wm. Poole to Himself. She was only 24 years of age, and was converted about five years ago. Just before she died she said her peace was made with God, and all was well with her soul. We gave her an Army funeral. The service was conducted by our corps officer. Ensign Poole was also present and assisted. As we sang "Shall we gather at the River," many hearts were touched. A husband and three children are left to mourn their loss. We extend our sympathy to them.—H. Richardson.

Sister Mrs. Ford of Paradise Sound.

Death has visited our corps and taken from us Mrs. Rebekah Ford, the beloved wife of the Sergt.-Major. Only eight months ago they were married under the Army colors. For three years our sister was a faithful soldier of the corps and took great interest in the Juniors. About three months ago she was stricken down with consumption. She passed away on the evening of April 28th. When asked if the valley was dark, she answered, "No, it is not dark, but light, for Jesus is precious." These were her last words.

We gave her an Army funeral and pledged ourselves to be true to God and meet her in heaven.

The Memorial Service was held on Sunday night and was very impressive. Our prayers and sympathy are with the bereaved parents and husband.—Lieut. Tuck.

Mrs. Paris, of St. John Ill.

Just as our farewell orders came and we were preparing to move to another part of the battlefield, farewell orders also came from Heaven to earth for the beloved and aged mother of our comrades Secretary May Paris and her sister Ruth. For many days she hovered on the brink, and the hearts of her loved ones clung to the hope of having her restored to them again; but the death angel came at midnight and she answered to the call.

A short service was held in the home and she was taken by her sorrow-stricken children to be laid to rest in the old church-yard of her childhood's home. Our comrades need our sympathy and prayers in this dark hour of sorrow.—Kate M. Ritchie, Ensign.

Brother Bendell, of Clark's Beach.

Our beloved brother has been taken from us and has passed to the Better Land. On Sunday night, whilst Captain Hebditch was conducting her farewell meeting, Brother Bendell arose and said "How hard it is to part. It may be the last time I shall stand here." Sad to say, it was so. On Wednesday morning he arose from his bed apparently well, he then went out in the field ploughing with his brother and within one half hour was brought in a lifeless corpse. He dropped dead at his work. On Thursday, the funeral service was conducted by Captain Hebditch, assisted by Captain Downey. A large

The Young Soldier

SUMMER NUMBER.

What Brigadier Taylor, Principal of the Training College, Thinks of It.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AWARDS.



RIGADIER TAYLOR came into the Editor's office a day or two ago. We showed him the covers, the principal illustrations and explained to him the character of the letter-press that the Summer Young Soldier will contain. He was delighted, and this is what he said:—

"I shall certainly, after this, send another whip round to my Officers and get them not only to double their orders, but to do more. I think it promises to be a splendid production. The covers are especially charming, and there will, I am sure, be no difficulty in finding for it a ready sale at the price."

We have received the orders of that energetic D. O., Major Rawling who has more than doubled his usual supply. We shall be glad if Field Officers and J. S. Locals will hurry up with their orders, as they must reach us not later than the 24th of June. Be bold and enterprising and aim high. The Juniors will dispose of them like hot cakes. One Junior at Toronto has already obtained orders for over a hundred copies.

A WORD ABOUT THE AWARDS.

As a reward for successful effort the Commissioner has decided to give to each Province a splendid enlarged photograph of the General, handsomely framed in fumed oak. This picture has been designed specially for hanging on the walls of large rooms, and therefore is well suited for adorning the walls of either Junior or Senior Halls. The portrait of the General was taken during his recent visit to Toronto.

There will, in addition, be two smaller portraits of the General's also framed in fumed oak. These will be given to individual boomers for the decoration of their own homes. See that you get one.

GET ORDERS NOW.

Young Boomers will do well to get orders at once. Go from friend to friend and secure them. Then, when you get the Young Soldier, go from house to house and you will sell many Young Soldiers and make many friends for our popular children's paper.

The Special Summer Number of the Young Soldier will be ready July 6th.

crowd of people attended and the barracks was packed to the doors. He leaves a beloved wife to mourn his loss. Our desire is that every comrade may pray for our bereaved sister.—Sergt. Dawe.

Brother Pretty of Dildo.

Again we have been reminded that this world is not our home. Death has been in our midst, and this time it was our dear comrade Hezekiah Pretty that received the summons to come up higher. Thank God he was ready and "had his robes washed in the blood of the Lamb." Our Brother was a soldier for more than eighteen years, having joined the Army in the early days. Since that time, his holy life has been an example of faithfulness and a rebuke to the unsaved. For nearly two years he was a great sufferer, but was never heard to complain. He felt his dear Heavenly Father knew what was best for him, and though suffering much, was often heard to say, "He will not put upon me more than I can bear." To visit him during his sickness meant to receive a blessing, he was so patient and thankful. It was indeed wonderful how God helped him.

His last days were especially brightened by the fact that many of his children gave themselves to God, and have taken their stand as soldiers of the corps. His cup of thankfulness seemed full, when, about two

months before his death, his youngest son gave his heart to God and became a soldier. "Oh!" exclaimed the dying saint, when he heard it, "this is glorious news to me. Praise God, now I can die happy, since my dear boy has given himself to God."

At the Memorial Service we had a blessed time, the comrades spoke of the holy life and triumphant death of our Brother. Many were moved to tears when his dear boys spoke of the holy influence of their Godly father's life, and at the close, one young man, who also has Godly parents, yielded himself to God.

Our Brother leaves a wife who is a soldier and six children four of whom are soldiers. He was also a brother of our Secretary. They will miss him much, especially his dear wife, but God will help her. During his sickness, she did her best for him; ever forgetful of self, she counted no sacrifice too great by way of helping him. May God comfort and bless them all, until we meet in the morning.

No night of parting shall be there. Our loved ones gone before, Shall hail us at the gates of bliss; We'll meet to part no more.

—Mrs. Adj. Hiscock.

A Hindoo lawyer and companion, arrested at Lahore, were on their way to seek Japanese aid against British rule in India.

War Cry Honor Roll.

TRAINING HOME PROVINCE.

20 Boomers.

P. S.-M. MOORE, Esther Street.. 175
Sergt. Ransom, Temple..... 125
Adj. Kendall, Lippincott..... 120
Cadet Little, Temple..... 101
Brother Pellatt, Toronto Junction, 90; Cadet Crane, Temple, 83; Sergt. McFayden, Temple, 72; Cadet Simpson, East Toronto, 71; Cadet Stout, Temple, 66; Cadet Roberts, Temple, 66; Capt. Wheeler, Yorkville, 60; Cadet Coty, Parliament St., 58; Cadet Butterworth, East Toronto, 54; Cadet Goules, Parliament St., 51, Cadet Place, Yorkville, 51; Cadet Glover, Parliament St., 50; Cadet Phillips, Yorkville, 50; Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple, 60; Sister Russell, Temple, 50, Sister Marley, Temple, 50.

Quebec and East Ontario Province.

20 Boomers.

BRO. HIDES, Montreal..... 360
Mrs. Clapp, Picton..... 100
Mrs. Adj. Bradbury, Picton..... 100
Lieut. Simmons, Port Hope, 90; Lieut. Hedbury, Sherbrooke, 80; Sergt. Wright, Kingston, 80, Sister Larmour, Morrisburg, 60; Sergt. Smith, Kingston, 60; Lieut. Mercer, Trenton, 60; Capt. Thompson, Trenton, 60.

50 Copies.—Capt. Dunlop, Sherbrooke, Bessie Allan, Lieut. Richardson, Sergt. Brown, Kingston; May Harper, Olive Salmon, Sister Gilbert, Capt. Wood, Mrs. Greed, Sister Voucour, Montreal.

Western Province.

London Division.

20 Boomers.

MRS. WARD, London 250
Mrs. Taft, Chatham..... 150
Ens. Hancock, Stratford..... 150
Mrs. Capt. Merrett, Woodstock.. 120
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ridgetown.... 115
Capt. Lamb, Lieut. Wales, Goderich, 75; Mrs. Adj. Walker, Mrs. Blackville, Petrolia, 75; Adj. Knight, Mrs. Adj. Knight, Sergt. Moise, St. Thomas, 75; Capt. Maisey, Windsor, 75; Mrs. Hall, Woodstock, 75; Ens. Edwards, Clinton, 70; Mrs. Rock, Forest, 65; Sister Summer, Stratford, 60; Capt. Harris, Blenheim, 60; Mrs. Jarvis, Chatham, 50; Staff-Captain Goodwin, Windsor, 50.

Pacific Province.

9 Boomers.

Lieut. CHATTERSON, Vancouver. 112
Capt. Knudson, Vancouver..... 105
Mrs. Capt. Gardiner, Revelstoke, 95; Adj. Gosling, New Westminster, 65; Ens. Lloyd, New Westminster, 55; Lieut. Dawe, Grand Forks, 55; Ensign Pickle, Capt. Cook, Fernie, 50; Capt. Davison, Cranbrooke, 40.

Farm Lands and Real Estate Advice Bureaux.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers—Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Captain Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.Q.; or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adj. Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S.; or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon, Man.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

An American War Cry and Young Soldier for Canadian War Cry and Young Soldier. Address, Captain A. Aylsworth, 167 Main Street, Owego, Teoga Co., N. Y.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; furnished with as far as possible, correct address, family and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner The S. B. Cochrane, 220 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a representation of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

5953. MASKELL, GEORGE. Age 28; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; fair hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion. Last known address Woodville, Ont. Big build, various scars on fingers, several false teeth, thin face. Been soldier in India; also served in South Africa.

5954. McBRIDE, LORENZO. Age 50; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; dark hair, black eyes, fair complexion. Barber by trade. Missing nine years. Last known address Park City, Montreal. Three teeth missing. Very fond of horses. Mother anxious.

5957. BAMMAN, HENRY. Age 35; single; brown hair; blue eyes; German descent. Last heard of Nov., 1905, at Mills, P.O., Cal. Supposed to be at Visalid, Cal. May have gone to Klondyke. News wanted, whether dead or alive.



5877. REEVES, EDWARD. Age 38; height 5ft. 11in., married, fair complexion, missing five years; last known address, Morden, Man., face marked with smallpox—see photo. News wanted.

5723. WINTERBORN, WILLIAM CHARLES L. Age 42; height, 5 ft., 4 in.; dark complexion; has no bridge to his nose. Last known address Winnipeg. News wanted.

5900. KATIE and MARY HUGGETT. Ages 28 and 23 respectively. Dark hair, blue eyes. Missing seven years. Came from Brentwood, Essex, England.

5951. TAYLOR, EMILY A. Age 21; height, 5 ft., 3 in.; dark brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Last known address Edmonton, Alta. News wanted.

5959. ELLIS, SIMEON. Age 35; when last heard of was in Boston; may be in New York. Mother in Newfoundland very anxious for news. American Cry please copy.

5843. LEETE, JOHN SAUNDERS. Age 23; height, 6 ft.; dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; has mark from chicken-pox under right eye. Last known address Winnipeg.

5981. WOOLFORD, JAMES. Age 20; single; fair hair, blue eyes. Missing two years. Last known address St. David's, Ont. Was originally sent out here by Fegan's Home, England. News wanted.

5978. CHRISTOFFERSEN, ALBERT OTTO. Born in Copenhagen, 1880. Medium height; fair. When last heard of two years ago was in Montreal. Mother enquires.

5980. HARRISON, TOM DIXON. Age 40; tall; light brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Was in Winnipeg some time ago. Last heard of in Camp Westatine, Sask.

5970. REID, JAMES. Engineer's fitter. Left Australia in 1882; last heard of at Atlin, B.C. Some very important news awaiting him.

5969. ALLEN, SANDY. Age 14. Brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; height, 4 ft., 6 in. Last heard of in April. Was then at Truro, N.S.

5935. PATTISON, HARRY. Single, height 5ft. 5in., rather stout, dark brown eyes, right leg a little crooked, last heard of in June, 1903, was then at Raney, Clean Field Co., Pa., North America.

5936. AYRE, MADAM. Age 31, light complexion, large nose, slight form, blue eyes, light hair; has with her a little girl 5 years 3 months. Last heard of in Belleville, Ont., Dec. 1906; is a palmist; reward offered.

5940. WALKER, JOHN. Age 20, height 5ft., fair hair, blue eyes. Was a groom in Lancashire. News wanted.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS

IN THE

DUFFERIN GROVE,

Dufferin and College Streets, Toronto,

Saturday, June 29th, to Thursday, July 11th.

PROGRAMME AS FOLLOWS:

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th.—The Chief Secretary will lead. Speakers:—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Taylor. Lisgar Street Band will assist.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30th.—The Chief Secretary, assisted by the T.H.Q. Staff and Lisgar Street Bands. Speakers during the day:—Brigadiers Howell, Collier, Bond, Horn, and others.

MONDAY, JULY 1st.—THE COMMISSIONER will lead at 11, 3 and 7 p.m. United City Corps. Staff, Lisgar St. and Lippincott Bands will also be present.

TUESDAY, JULY 2nd.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Dovercourt Band.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3rd.—Brigadier Howell, Junction Band.

THURSDAY, JULY 4th.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Riverdale Band.

FRIDAY, JULY 5th.—The Chief Secretary, Lisgar Street Band.

SATURDAY, JULY 6th.—Brigadier Taylor, Cadets, Temple Band.

SUNDAY, JULY 7th.—THE COMMISSIONER, Staff Band and T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, JULY 8th.—THE COMMISSIONER in Command, Great Musical Festival; United City Bands will Take Part.

TUESDAY, JULY 9th.—The Chief Secretary, Lippincott Street Band.

WEDNESDAY, July 10th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Junction Band.

THURSDAY, July 11th.—Great Closing Night. THE COMMISSIONER in Command. T.H.Q. Staff, United City corps, Staff Band.

Pray for a Mighty Pentecost!

Soldiers or friends desiring to camp on the grounds will please write to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, for particulars.

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation

Tunes.—Mercy still for thee, 49; Haste away to Jesus, 36; Song Book, No. 56.

1 O wanderer, knowing not the smile Of Jesus' lovely face,

In darkness living all the while, Rejecting offered grace;

To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound, Thy soul He waits to free;

Thy Saviour hath a ransom found, There's mercy still for thee.

There's mercy still for thee!

For thee, though sunk in deep despair, Thy Saviour's blood was shed;

He for thy sins, was, as a lamb,

To cruel slaughter led;

That thou mayest find, poor, sin-sick soul,

A pardon full and free;

What boundless grace, what wondrous love,

There's mercy still for thee.

Tune.—While shepherds watched, 65; Song Book, No. 49.

2 Come, weary sinner, to the cross, The Saviour bids you come;

Come trusting in His precious blood, Wait not, there still is room.

Jesus now is passing by,

I'll go out to meet Him;

While He is so very nigh,

I'll go out to greet Him.

Oh, why delay your long return?

The Spirit gently pleads,

Come to the cross, whereon for you

The dying Saviour bleeds.

He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His love for you no tongue can tell, Oh, trust His grace and live!

Experience.

Tunes.—My sins are under, 256; Song Book, No. 237.

3 God's anger now is turned away, My sins are under the blood;

My darkness He has changed to day, My sins are under the blood.

Chorus.

My sins, my sins are under the blood, My guilt is gone, and my soul is free;

My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord hath pardoned me.

My doubts are gone, the past forgiven, My title's clear, I'm bound for heaven.

How sweet the Lord's alone to be, What joy to know He cleanses me.

When sorrow's waves around me roll, In perfect peace He keeps my soul;

In every step His hand doth lead, And He supplies my every need.

Tunes.—I will follow Thee, 144; Loved ones gone before, 146; Song Book, No. 438.

4 Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee;

Though I be despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.

Chorus.

I will follow Thee my Saviour.

Perish levery fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped or known; Yet, how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not like them, untrue.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God wisdom, love and might; Foes may hate and friends may shun me,

Show Thy face and all is bright.

The Commissioner's APPOINTMENTS.

Vancouver.—Opening of New Citadel and Metropole.—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 22, 23, 24.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Monday, July 1.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Sunday, July 7.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Monday July 8.

Camp Meeting, Dufferin Grove.—Thursday, July 11.

Great Commissioning of Cadets in the Temple, Toronto.—Monday, July 15.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S APPOINTMENTS.

Yorkville.—Sunday, June 16.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Saturday, June 29.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Sunday, June 30.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Friday, July 5.

Camp Meeting in Dufferin Grove.—Tuesday, July 9.

Commissioning of Cadets.—Monday, July 15.

T. H. Q. Staff Appointments.

Staff-Capt. Turpin.—Yorkville Tent.—Friday, June 21st.

Brigadier Collier, Staff-Capt. Cave, Adjutant and Mrs. Williams.—Yorkville Tent.—Sunday, June 23.

Staff-Capt. Cave.—Tent cor. Queen and Tecumseth.—Friday June 21.

Adjutant Stobbs and Ensign Webber.—Tent, cor Queen and Tecumseth.—Saturday, June 22.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller.—Tent cor. Queen and Tecumseth.—Sunday, June 23.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND will visit

Kingston, Saturday and Sunday, June 15, 16; Napanee, Monday Afternoon, June 17; Belleville, Monday Night, June 17; Aurora, Saturday and Sunday, June 22, 23; Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings, July 1, 7, 11.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hurd.—Prescott, June 20, 21; Morrisburg, 22, 23, 24; Iroquois, 25, 26, 27; Cornwall, 28, 29, 30; Montreal, July 1, 2; Sherbrooke, 3, 4, 5; Quebec 6, 7, 8, 9; Montreal I., 10, 11, 12; Montreal V., 13, 14, 15; Montreal II., 17, 18; Montreal VI., 19, 20, 21; Montreal III., 22; Montreal IV., 23, 24, 25.

Captain Davey.—Lethbridge, June 22, 23, 24; Fernie, 25-27; Cranbrooke, 28-July 1; Nelson, July 3; Grand Forks, 4, 5; Nelson, 6-8; Rossland, 9-11; Calgary, 16-18; Wetaskiwin, 19-21; Edmonton, 22-24; Saskatoon, 27-29; Prince Albert, July 31, August 2; Tisdale Colony, 3, 4; Dauphin, 6-8; Neepawa, 9-11; Brandon, 12-14; Portage la Prairie, 15-18; Winnipeg, 19.